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THE Spanish revolution has, up to now, passed off, at least in Madrid, in a spirit of good temper and general rejoicing which is no doubt largely due to the King's sensible and, in its realism, characteristically Spanish behaviour. Had he contested the request to leave Spain, he could undoubtedly have arranged for trouble and bloodshed. How much better to leave the people of your capital listening eagerly to a negro jazz-band playing the "Marseillaise," in Spain, apparently, a new revolutionary tune. It seems that King Alfonso will seek a home in England, where he will be welcomed by his friends and presumably by the Commissioners of Income Tax. England is still—and we are glad of it—a refuge for kings out of work; when, we wonder, will she return to an even more honourable and older tradition, and offer a free asylum to those who flee from tyranny?

* * *

There has been some fighting, and a few people have been killed in Barcelona. This, though it will grieve, will not surprise any who know the political and social conditions. Barcelona is traditionally extreme; and no revolution, however peaceful, can avoid giving some outlet in a large way to those, however few, who desire violence. The freeing of the prisoners is one of those symbolic acts of generosity that appeals to sentiment, but which often has unpleasant practical results. It is hard, however, not to sympathise with the ordinary "criminal prisoners" who visited the office where their records and finger-prints were stored. Barcelona is also the headquarters of the Catalan movement. Colonel Macia has now declared that the proclamation of Catalan independence is "not meant as a hostile act against anybody," and has indicated that he looks forward to a common government with Spain.

* * *

It must not be forgotten that the precise form of Spain's new government, and also the extent of royalist sentiment still left in the country, will not be known until after the elections in June. The present revolution need not be taken to mean that the average Spaniard has suddenly become pedantically determined for a definite kind of republican government. It is an expression of dissatisfaction at the dictatorship and the king's policy since the end of Marques de Estella's rule; it is also a genuine declaration in favour of democracy, if not of a strict constitutionalism. It is too early to speculate on the possible repercussions of the revolution in Italy and France; but we may hope that both these countries will not find in a neighbour's internal difficulties new causes for suspicion about one another's

motives. We are sorry to see that some Italians are already suggesting that France will endeavour to turn the Catalonian movement to her own advantage, or even to trespass on Spain's African territory. Surely by this time, when one country is putting its house in order, its friends, if they cannot assist the spring-cleaning, need not discuss how to pinch the movables under cover of the dust that is inevitably raised.

* * *

With the postponement of the Chequers visit of Herren Brüning and Curtius from May to June—*i.e.*, until after the League Council has examined the Austro-German Customs Union project—there has been a drop in the Parisian political barometer and the European atmosphere has become slightly more normal again. But the larger European crisis remains, as is made perfectly clear by the " last testament " of M. Doumergue —as the French President's speech at Nice has been called—which indicates that, as a result of the Austro-German move, France is determined to place Security before Disarmament. Uncompromising Poincaréism and Tardieuism have been reinforced against the more amenable policy of M. Briand; and the more pacifically minded followers of M. Herriot are, at least for the time, effectively silenced. With M. Briand out of the way, and, say, M. Tardieu or M. Maginot at the Quai d'Orsai, Mr. Henderson's hopes for the Disarmament Conference would become more and more remote. One hopes that in the blessed interval before the Disarmament Conference sober reflection may take the place of nationalist passion in Paris, and that this process will be hastened by some reasonable tactfulness on the part of Berlin. If Paris had a little more vision and a little less of what the French call logic it might, perhaps, realise that in this connection the Chequers visit might be all to the good.

* * *

A new aspect of the Austro-German situation has come to the surface during the past few days. It is the revolt of some of the Austrian (Clericalist) Christian-Socialists and their adherents in the Heimwehr, together with some of the smaller Austrian industrialists, against the proposed Customs Union with Germany. The small industrialist attitude is based on the fear of being swamped by the bigger and better organised German industries. The Clericalist objection is based on the fact that they still retain their dreams of setting up some kind of Danubian Monarchy under the sceptre of a Wittlesbach or a Hapsburg. Certain French diplomatic circles, seeing in all this a possible countermove to the *Anschluss*, are said to be in touch with Royalist circles in Austria and Hungary, and mysterious comings and goings are alleged to be taking place in the vicinity of the Belgian domicile of ex-Empress Zita and Archduke Otto. The difficulty here is not only that the greater part of the Austrian political parties and the bigger Austrian industrialists are in favour of the Customs Union with Germany (and with the *Anschluss* too for that matter), but that even if France favoured anything like a Hapsburg restoration her allies of the Little Entente would not unnaturally veto it. A more likely and practical solution, and one which appears to be exercising the minds of both M. Briand and M. Benes at the moment, is the encouragement of some kind of economic arrangement (not as a Customs Union, but in the form of preferential agreements) between Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, Roumania and Jugoslavia. Such an arrangement would take into account Vienna's peculiar position, and lead to negotiations with Austria (or Austria-Germany) which might well have a result satisfactory to everyone. If this be so, then at least it may be noted with some degree of satisfaction that the Austro-German bombshell has moved Paris at long last to realise that something more positive is required than reiterations of the sanctity of the Peace Treaties. But it would have been better had this realisation come years before.

* * *

A few days ago there was held at Innsbruck a public meeting, attended by some thousands of people, demanding a revision of the frontier between Austria and Italy (*i.e.*, the return of the South Tyrol to Austria). The meeting sent a telegram to President Hoover pointing out that in its opinion President Wilson made a mistake in giving Italy this German province. Such manifestations of public feeling may, perhaps, have some effect on Italy's attitude towards the Austro-German Customs Union, because, although Mussolini is loth to commit himself yet on this matter, actually he dreads the prospect of a greater Germania on the Brenner frontier. Fascist Italy has played a dog-in-the-manger game, objecting both to a Danubian Confederation and to the *Anschluss;* and, moreover, whilst espousing Treaty Revision in respect to Hungary (as a move against Jugoslavia), has always refused to take her own medicine as far as the application of Treaty Revision to the Italo-Austrian frontier is concerned. It would seem, at all events, that the Austro-German *coup* continues to have the effect of making things move in Europe.

* * *

It may be news to Lord Rothermere that in no quarter has the Irwin-Gandhi agreement aroused greater anger than in Moscow. The Bolshevists have been, and still are, active in India. The movement, which they foster, is, admittedly, anti-English. It is almost equally anti-Congress and anti-Gandhi. For years the Bolsheviks have denounced Gandhi as a bourgeois and, now that he has come to terms with the English authorities, they have turned on him the full artillery fire of those expletives which they usually reserve for such " social traitors " and " capitalist lackeys " as Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Henderson. Lord Irwin has realised that Gandhi stands for possible co-operation, and has gone ahead in spite of the accusations of ignoramuses like Lord Rothermere that he is pandering to the Bolsheviks and wild men of India. For this very reason he commands such enthusiastic support from the great majority of Englishmen in India. The fine tributes paid to him on the eve of his departure by the English press in India are not merely the usual stereotyped expressions of praise, but a really remarkable proof of the warm approval of men of understanding. If the higher officials of the Indian Civil Service could give public expression to their views Mr. Churchill would be most effectively answered.

* * *

The heated controversies aroused by the project of " closer union " in East Africa have not deterred Lord

Passfield from propounding a similar remedy for the troubles of the West Indies, or at any rate for such of the West Indian Colonies as are subject to the Governors of Trinidad, the Windward Islands and the Leeward Islands. He has accordingly proposed to the three Governors that a Commission, with " very broad terms of reference " should be sent out to study the problem of federation on the spot. In the present state of the sugar industry, the proposal is not likely to be received with enthusiasm as a substitute for countervailing duties on subsidised foreign production—the more so as Lord Passfield hints that the chief object of administrative economies will be to reduce the burden of grants-in-aid on the home taxpayer. There have, however, been many demands for " closer union " from the Colonies themselves, and as improved communications by sea and air render it possible, the chances are in favour of its adoption.

* * *

The principal event of the week in Parliament was the Conservative Party's Vote of Censure on Thursday; we see no reason to suppose—at the time of going to press—that the Government will fail to weather the storm. From the Liberal point of view, the situation has not changed appreciably since Easter, while the advent of Mr. Johnstone at the helm should mean a more vigorous administration in regard to unemployment. And it is administration which is the principal object of criticism. When, for instance, the work of the Ministry of Health came up for review on Tuesday, Mr. E. D. Simon severely trounced Mr. Greenwood's inactivity, and his failure to redeem the pledges of his predecessors in regard to the provision of low-priced houses. We agree with Mr. Simon that nothing like sufficient pressure has been brought to bear upon local authorities, and that an inquiry into the class of occupiers actually rehoused is overdue. Very slow use is being made of the Slum Clearance Bill and the building trade remains high on the unemployment list. The contrast between the excellence of the Government's intentions and their disappointing failure to deliver the goods, was further brought out on Wednesday, when the new Town and Country Planning Bill received its second reading. The Act of 1925, which it supersedes, has proved almost a dead letter; we urge Mr. Greenwood to seize with both hands the chance which this better-drafted Bill will afford.

* * *

There is nothing reckless or adventurous about the Government's new Sunday Observance Bill. It does little more than restore the *status quo* as established in practice before the recent decision of the High Court upset it. The Bill, that is to say, legalises the opening of cinemas (as also of museums, etc.) on the principle of " local option "; the licensing authority is to be the County or Borough Council and licences are not to be granted unless the authority is satisfied that a substantial body of local opinion supports their issue. The principle of the six-day week is also to be safeguarded. Modest as these proposals are—they do not touch the question of Sunday theatres or open the door anywhere to the provision of outdoor recreation for the masses—a storm of opposition is threatened and important amendments in Committee are certain. The opportunity of tying this country up with Puritanical " blue laws," though quite adventitiously offered, is for some of our hardshell Sabbatarians too good to be missed. The " free vote " of the House on the Bill will be analysed with much interest. Propagandist societies are doing their best, of course, to make the vote as unfree as possible.

The fall of the Labour poll at East Woolwich was not greater than a Government which has been " carrying on " in a period of trade depression for nearly two years must expect; while the Conservative poll showed only a slight increase. But out of 42,000 electors, some 14,000 did not bother to vote at all, and this political apathy may be expected to continue while the party's divisions remain so unreal and party policy so perplexing. The Conservatives are still in trouble with their food-taxing policy, and sniping on the Beaverbrook-Baldwin front has broken out again. Mr. Wright, of the " Norfolk Farmers' Party," declares that Mr. Chamberlain gave him an explicit pledge of the party's intention to tax imports of food; Mr. Chamberlain as roundly asserts that Wright is wrong. In any case, Mr. Baldwin is now in the last ditch. It will not be the fault of his valued " ally " if he is not soon driven from that.

* * *

The report of the recently-returned Mission to the Far East is a document of real importance to the cotton trade and to all of us. The views expressed are representative and unanimous, and are based on a thorough first-hand study of conditions in China and Japan. For these reasons, it is to be hoped that Lancashire, so contemptuous as a rule of the opinions of delegations or committees, will give them the consideration they deserve. Four-fifths of the production on which Lancashire has mainly lived is for export; and a high proportion of these exports have been destined in the past for markets in the East. What is the position to-day? Apart altogether from India and the boycott, this Eastern trade is rapidly disappearing. China took 44,000,000 square yards of our cotton goods during the first quarter of 1929; this year the corresponding figure is 14,000,000 square yards. The Dutch East Indies took 35,000,000 square yards; the figure has shrunk to 10,000,000 square yards. Clearly we must overhaul drastically our technique of production and of marketing. Vague talk about rationalisation is not enough. Lancashire must decide on what lines she wishes to concentrate in the future and must not be too proud to learn from other countries, as others in the past have learned from her.

* * *

Though so much has been done to reduce infant mortality, the number of women who die in childbirth becomes no less and the trail of ill-health, due to the so-called accidents of childbirth, is just as long and weary for thousands of mothers. In its interim report, the Departmental Committee on Maternal Mortality welcomed the prospect of a new centre for the purpose of research into puerperal fever—the chief single cause of maternal mortality. There were 1,088 cases of puerperal fever in London alone in 1929. It comes, therefore, as a surprise to learn that, although such a centre is now available, it would appear not to be receiving the full quota of patients for which there is accommodation. The Isolation Hospital of Queen Charlotte's in the Goldhawk Road, Hammersmith, has accommodation for 30 puerperal fever patients and also nurseries for the same number of infants. The new Research Laboratories work in connection with the Isolation Hospital, and have already achieved practical results. A large percentage of the patients have been discharged cured. Why should there be empty beds when doctors and medical officers of health presumably know of the existence of this unique institution? There may be some good explanation, but we should like to know it if there is.

FREE TRADE: NEGATIVE AND POSITIVE

GREAT BRITAIN, under Mr. Snowden's guidance, is to remain for the present a Free Trade country. We should feel more satisfaction than we do at that prospect if Free Trade was not so often a mere excuse for inaction. In the very illuminating correspondence which Mr. Keynes's proposals have provoked in our columns Free Traders have, for the most part, shown very little realisation of the need to rethink their philosophy, and behind their arguments lurks only too often a rather vague assumption that Free Trade is in itself a policy of internationalism just because tariffs are obviously nationalistic. To-day we publish an article from Mr. J. A. Hobson, who remains an internationalist and a Free Trader, but who realises that Free Trade must be interpreted in a positive as well as a negative sense. Many people have turned Protectionist of late in sheer despair, not because they are convinced that Protection is a good thing, but because they feel a strong desire to be up and doing, and, while Free Traders often seem to have no policy except to stand pat and reduce wages, Protection does at least mean doing something positive. It is obvious that having accepted the principle of control instead of *laissez-faire* at home, our foreign trade cannot altogether escape inclusion in that control. Protective tariffs are bad because they are a purely selfish and unscientific form of control, but there is real danger that we may have recourse to some dangerous form of Protection merely because we cannot bear to remain inactive in face of our present troubles.

But does Free Trade necessarily involve inaction? Plainly, it does not; nor has this country during the past two years been wholly inactive in its support of Free Trade. Mr. Graham's abortive attempts to promote a tariff truce were designed to use our position as a Free Trade country as a lever for promoting tariff reduction elsewhere. His attempt, we believe, was ill-designed, though it is, of course, easy to be wise after the event. But it does not follow, because the tariff truce has failed, that nothing can be achieved by a new effort on somewhat different lines.

All Free Traders, and most Protectionists, in Great Britain are in agreement that, over the world as a whole, the present tariff barriers are a ludicrous obstacle to progress. At the International Economic Conference held at Geneva four years ago representatives of Free Trade and Protectionist countries were at one on this point, and recommended action designed to make tariff barriers lower and less numerous. But, in face of this general recommendation, the actual movement over the world as a whole has been towards more and higher tariffs; and only in a few isolated cases has anything been achieved towards tariff reduction.

If we are to see clearly what we ought to do, we must first understand why this is the case. The chief reason is to be found in the falling price-level. This has caused the countries which are primary producers to endeavour to adjust their balance of trade, in view of the disproportionate fall in the prices of primary products, by raising tariffs in order to reduce the quantity of imported manufactures. This has happened in Australia and Canada, and is likely to happen more unless measures are taken to prevent it. Moreover, when in an industrial country manufacturers find themselves faced with falling prices, their instinct, wherever they are in competition with importers, is to demand higher tariffs in order to hold up their own prices above the rest, and so divert an increased proportion of the spending power of the public towards themselves. This tendency exists alike in Free Trade and in Protectionist countries. It is, we are sure, at the bottom of the world's failure to put the recommendations of the Geneva Conference, even partially, into force.

If, then, Great Britain desires to take the lead towards the reduction of world tariffs, the best way to begin is by taking steps to check the fall of international prices. Could real confidence be created that the world price-level is secure for some time to come against further effects of monetary deflation—could even something be done to cause prices to move upward and then stabilise round the higher level so achieved—the most powerful of all the existing stimuli making for higher tariffs would be at once removed, and there would be a far better chance of concerted action for bringing them down to a less obviously unreasonable level. Economists are not agreed about the extent to which the world's banking system is the villain of the piece, but it is at any rate true that any action that we can take to implement the recent reports of the Gold Delegation of the League of Nations is far more likely to achieve practical results than any amount of negotiation for a general tariff truce, or for any measure of the same kind.

But the question has other aspects. As a Free Trade country we are debarred from offering to other countries concession for concession, in the form of a reciprocal tariff bargain. This being so, our traditional policy has been expressed in the Most Favoured Nation Clause—that is, in our asking other countries, as we let in their goods free of tax, to grant as favourable treatment to our goods as they grant to goods coming from any other source. This policy has undoubtedly stood us in good stead in the past, and stands us in some stead to-day. But it has, from the international point of view, certain disadvantages. A country may well be indisposed to make with another country a Customs Union or a reciprocal bargain for the lowering of duties, precisely because whatever it gives to any other country it will be compelled, under "Most Favoured Nation" conditions, to concede to Great Britain as a third party. The result may be that the projected bargain is not made, and that world tariffs, taken as a whole, remain higher than they would otherwise be.

A good many people believe that this is happening to-day; and there is a movement in Europe against the Most Favoured Nation Clause as an obstacle to tariff bargains between particular countries. From our own point of view, it is not easy to decide what policy is best. On the one hand, we have much to gain from a lowering of tariff walls, not only against our own exports, but as a general contribution to increased industrial prosperity in Europe. For more buying power in Europe would mean more demand for British goods.

On the other hand, we have something to fear from the

development either of a single European Customs Union which we should find it difficult either to enter or to remain apart from, or of a number of regional Unions which might erect discriminating barriers against our goods. If, however, it is really the case that the existence of the Most Favoured Nation Clause, in its present form, is standing in the way of the initial steps towards tariff reduction, it is at least worth while to consider whether it cannot be so redrafted, or reinterpreted, as to obviate this objection. In the case of the transference of Luxemburg from the German to the Belgian Customs Union, the extreme interpretation of the Most Favoured Nation clause has already been waived by consent; and the present negotiations between Germany and Austria obviously raise the same issue in a far more acute form.

What then are we to do? We can take it that there will be no early revival of the project of a general tariff truce, and that, if tariff reductions are to be secured, this will have to be done, until prices are much more stable, mainly by way of bargains between particular States. It is our business to do nothing that will obstruct this tendency, and to agree to an elastic interpretation of the Most Favoured Nation Clause in order to foster it. But, above all, it is our business to work energetically in favour of measures for the stabilisation of international prices, and for the establishment of a better equilibrium between the various forms of production. In the former of these two fields our action so far has been weak and hesitant, actuated rather by fear of political repercussions than by courageous hope of restoring international prosperity. We have to learn, and to act on the knowledge, that the best way of making a Free Trade policy effective lies in the adoption of a courageous attitude on the question of international finance. Falling prices mean higher tariffs; and price stability against monetary fluctuations is the only sure foundation on which we can begin to work effectively for tariff reduction. If Mr. Snowden wishes to preserve *laissez-faire* in matters of trade, his best course is to abandon *laissez-faire* in matters of finance, and to take the lead in an attempt at handling the problems of gold and currency on international lines.

THE SPANISH REPUBLIC

WE cannot agree with the usual conventional sentiment that the form of government Spain may choose is no concern of ours, and it is difficult not to think that those who would subscribe to such an opinion are lacking either in sincerity or intelligence. It is stupid to profess allegiance to the idea which animates the League of Nations, or to talk hopefully about a United States in Europe unless we are prepared to accept all the implications of the new political internationalism. Not the least of those implications is that one country's form of government may easily be a matter of great concern to other countries; for a change in the form of government may mean success or failure of ideals on which depend the ultimate victory of those forces in the world which are making for a genuine international comity. For this reason we welcome the news that, as a result of the municipal elections, the King of Spain has decided to leave his country: and by that act to abandon his throne and leave the Spanish people free to choose a democratic government. For in Spain, the continuance of the Monarchy had become incompatible with the democratic principle; and we are old-fashioned enough to believe that in the growth of that principle the future happiness and prosperity of Europe and the world are involved.

Monarchy is not, of course, always a foe to democratic freedom. It had become so in Spain because the vast majority of the Spanish people blamed the King for the *coup d'état* of 1923 and the political tyranny of the dictatorship. Possibly a dictatorship can be, at times, the servant of democracy. Dictators, however, must always be in the political world what bone-setters, or, for that matter, surgeons, are in the medical; their services are not required when the patient has resumed his normal health. That point of normal social well-being had been reached in Spain some years ago, and it was King Alfonso's refusal to admit this, and to revert to ordinary constitutional habits that caused the distress which resulted in the inflammatory condition of last December.

In courtesy all friends of liberty will give credit to the King of Spain for his reasonable and courageous behaviour in a crisis of a nature that commonly provokes conduct of a very different kind. As recently as last month some students of Spanish politics and some of the leaders of the December revolt did not believe that any fair elections, municipal or national, could be held under the present regime, or that the King and his advisers would refrain from interference. No one apparently imagined that Alfonso would have the wisdom to accept the verdict of the great cities and the popular acclamation that greeted this verdict, and quietly withdraw from his throne and his country.

He has saved his country from the misery, the bitterness and the futile expense of civil war; but we wish he had abdicated. This was an occasion on which the Spanish talent for postponement need not have been exercised. Still, perhaps the promptness of the King's action may be held to atone for the delay in making a formal act of abdication.

Things will not be easy for the leaders of the new Republic. You cannot suddenly remove checks on public opinion; you cannot suddenly require from a people, many of whom are illiterate and politically ill-educated, the exercise of political duties and not expect a certain amount of confusion and disorder. Nor will the settlement of such difficulties be alone in giving the new government cause for anxious and hard thinking.

The Catalan problem, with the success of the revolution, comes automatically to the front. One of the main reasons for the failure of Alfonso's reign has been the steady refusal of the King and his advisers to settle what used to be known as Spain's "Irish problem." Catalonia, through its best-known rebel, has shown what she expects from the Republicans. Colonel Macia, the leader of the Separatist Movement, proclaimed "a Catalan State under a Republican regime," himself assumed the rank of President, and issued a greeting to the people of Barcelona, appealing to "Catalan liberty, the brotherhood of the peoples of Spain and international peace." If he and his followers are not too determined to exalt "Catalan liberty" above the claims of brotherhood and the urgent need for peace, it seems likely—and it would certainly be wise—that the Spanish Republican Government will allow Catalonia a very great measure of independence, and in time, perhaps, work towards a constitutional agreement by which Catalonia will be a partner in a federal form of government.

It is one of the most remarkable features of modern political life—and one that has not had enough attention paid to it—that alongside the genuine growth in international amity, alongside the breaking down of the stupider kinds of Chauvinism and the attainment, on the part of many people,

not merely of a European, but of a world outlook, there has also grown up a strong demand for the recognition of small racial and cultural units. If men can learn from this that the best kind of imperial sentiment can only be had when the people who contribute to it are allowed to develop their own character, their own nature to the utmost, they will learn a lesson that will make for the richness and the colour as well as the peace of the world. It is because we are convinced that such a lesson can only be properly learned under a democracy, that ultimately tyranny always proceeds by suppression and destruction, while democracy flourishes best in a soil that encourages the growth of local and national differences, that we find great cause for hopefulness in the rise of the Spanish Republic.

A WORLD ECONOMY

THE last few years have shown nations, formally leagued for peace and the common interests of humanity, engaging in an ignominious scramble to endeavour to secure, each for itself, the largest possible share of a limited world market. The abandonment of individualism and the curbing of free private enterprise within each country has been attended by an economic nationalism more selfish, more rigorous and more wasteful than any of the earlier cruder forms of this separatist policy. For while modern arts of production and of consumption and modern facilities of intercourse have been establishing interdependence which makes the world increasingly a single economic and cultural system, the separatist desire of national sovereignty has everywhere been utilised to defeat or to reverse this salutary movement.

This conflict between the forces of economic nationalism and internationalism is not realised in its full significance by the citizens of States committed by long practice to the national policy. It seems natural to them that in any period of trade depression foreign goods should be kept out, or taxed so as to relieve the unpopular burden of direct taxation. It has, however, been an encouraging sign that in many European countries, and even in the United States, increasing numbers of bankers and merchants, whose experience prohibits them from confounding political with economic areas of interest, have been moving steadily, both in their business relations and their convictions, towards freer trade and international arrangements for production, marketing and finance. Usually crippled for effective action by their Governments, they have naturally looked to Great Britain for leadership in economic internationalism, for, notwithstanding the defection of her Dominions, this country has hitherto remained substantially intact in her allegiance to the idea of a world economy. Any abandonment of this position must be adjudged not merely by its immediate reactions on our trade but by its effect upon the whole range of material and moral interests conveyed by the term "internationalism."

Such is the nature of the momentous issue put before this country by the proposal to regard Free Trade merely as a fair-weather policy to be scrapped, or kept in cold storage, whenever prices fall below a profitable level and unemployment rises to an inconvenient figure. The distinguished Liberal economists who support this proposal need not be regarded as intellectual perverts, but rather as reluctant concessionaires. The conjunction of two desperate necessities, as they deem them—a large increase of revenue and a reduction of the wage level—drives them to jettison Free Trade as the only alternative to a further crushing burden of direct taxation or a direct attack on money wages.

Others have discussed the immediate economic risks and costs of the proposed Tariff for Revenue with incidental Protection, and the *naïveté* of the provisions for abandonment when trade depression has passed away. My appeal is of a different character. It admits the possibility of framing a tariff which, in a period of world depression, might somewhat increase the volume of production and employment in this country at the expense of other countries. Free Traders would be foolish to deny this possibility. For the absolute logic of Free Trade rests on the assumption that all capital and labour are employed and that Protection must shift them from a more to a less productive use. Under a world depression it is technically feasible for some countries to shift some of their unemployment on to other countries. But for England to adopt such a policy would be a dangerous betrayal of the internationalism which in the long run is essential to her economic and political security. For though for a brief period she might snatch a precarious increase of revenue, or a slight diminution of unemployment (or both), she would find herself sliding down the slippery slope of an economic nationalism which, far from helping her in the long run to maintain her volume of production and standard of living, would jeopardise both. For our safety and prosperity depend more than ever upon the freest possible commercial relations with the outside world and the most rapid progress of the arts of production and the standards of consumption in other countries. Such economic nationalism as may seem possible for the United States or even France, is not possible for this country. It would not be possible even for that now exploded ideal of a Free Trade Empire. To maintain our population and our industry we require free access to the largest possible number of sources of supply. In every decade there occurs at least one year in which there is a simultaneous shortage of supplies of wheat or some other essential product from imperial sources. In such an emergency, or the still graver emergency of war, open markets for all foreign supplies obviously make for national safety.

Our normal policy for several generations has rested on a firm belief that our interest has been served by buying what we need to buy in the cheapest market and by selling and investing wherever we could get the best price for our goods or capital. Though no conscious collective and foresighted planning has underlain this practice, it has made for a development of the resources of both advanced and backward countries, and we have reaped great gains both as traders and investors. Now, those who would rush us into economic nationalism put forth no considered substitute for this policy. It is true that it has gone through several phases. Our export of manufactured goods to continental countries was later on largely superseded by exports of machinery, so that some of the recipient countries not merely became independent of our supplies but reversed the process, placing their cheaper finished goods upon our market, for the benefit of our consumers, or their cheaper plants and materials for the benefit of our producers. But this does not cancel the validity of this policy, though it shifts its area of application. Our chief new economic need, in common with that of other Western countries, is so to develop the arts of production and consumption in the great populations of the backward countries—China, Russia, India, South America—so that their increasing demands for our goods and machines may serve to redress the maladjustment between productivity and consumption that marks such periods of depression as the present. For us, at any rate, the sole alternative to a crippling economic nationalism is the further education of the latent needs of those vast backward peoples whose standards of life are so low that

they furnish a constant temptation to foreign imposers of sweating or forced labour systems.

The new technique of advanced industry requires the expanding markets of these and other backward peoples for two purposes. The first is to enable their productivity to function freely, avoiding the recurrent wastes of trade depression. The second is the avoidance of wage-cutting in countries where high labour costs might preclude successful competition with low-paid labour in markets where the superior efficiency of high wages does not operate. These two purposes are coincident in actual working. Take this country. We cannot by any policy go far to reduce our commercial dependence upon other countries. We must have larger foreign markets. We cannot get them by entering a wage-cutting competition with other countries, which will reduce their own consuming power and ours.

These arguments converge upon the necessity for that conscious economic internationalism which is already struggling to find expression, not only through governmental bodies at Geneva, but through the numerous companies and associations, permanent or *ad hoc*, in which bankers, chambers of commerce, and other business groups meet to pool their knowledge and organise their common interests. This growing realisation of the world as the true and final economic system demands a weakening not a strengthening of economic nationalism. The political State must doubtless retain important regulative functions in the spheres of industry, commerce and finance. But the economic forces which in the long run must determine the size and character of the industries upon any national area, and the standard of life for its population, necessarily lie beyond the sphere of State policy and national economy.

The most urgent problem, therefore, that confronts the world to-day is to secure some skilled conscious guidance for these economic forces. The need for an international monetary and credit system is only the most obvious among a number of international controls for the economical and equitable production, distribution and marketing of those foods, materials and services which are essential to the economic life of every people. Mere economic liberalism will not suffice. Disordered flows of labour, goods and capital, prompted by private short-range interests, cannot furnish the security required by the population of the world for the utilisation of its common heritage. International government, endowed with powers to override or set aside obstructive elements of national sovereignty in matters affecting the wider interests of humanity, must come into operation as soon as the reasonable will of men in different nations recognises the obsolescence of purely national controls in economic matters. This country, with its traditions of internationalism, should take the lead in this great constructive work. Its interests, duty, safety lie in this direction. No cure for our present ills, no safeguard against our future perils, can come by attempts to shelter under a selfish nationalism instead of facing the real task of international economic government.

J. A. HOBSON.

GOLDEN WEDDING

IT was announced in Monday's news that Mr. and Mrs. John Dunk, of the Post Office, Upper Dicker, Sussex, had celebrated their golden wedding, and—what was more remarkable than this—that Mrs. Dunk was the fourth daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George Goschen, of Wilmington, to celebrate a golden wedding. On the same day it was announced that a German counterpart of Jack the Ripper had confessed to having murdered a series of women and children in a particularly abominable fashion. If we may judge by the different amounts of space devoted in the Press to the two items, the human race takes a hundred times more interest in the story of a monster's having murdered half a dozen women and children than in the exhilarating news that four members of a single family married and lived happily ever after. (No one who has seen the photographs of couples who have celebrated golden weddings could be in much doubt as to their happiness.)

There are a few people who have such a horror of crime that they cannot bear even to read about it, and who blame the newspapers and the novelists for giving so much prominence to it. But in this matter the newspapers and the novelists are the servants of the public, and the public has only to announce its strong preference for golden weddings in order to bring about the relegation of crime to obscure paragraphs. The worst of it is that, the more civilised men become, the more they seem to be interested in crime and misery. I know some highly-civilised people who cannot bear to read a story about a happy marriage. If you gave them a novel about a husband and wife who had won the Dunmow Flitch, they would say: "This sentimentality makes me sick." Show them, however, a novel about a woman who as a child was tortured by her mother, and who afterwards compensates herself by making life a hell for her husband, and their bosoms glow with happiness. "This," they say, "is life—life stripped of all its make-believe. Here is a novelist at last who faces the facts." The most eminent fact of life is, apparently, that everybody who is worth anything is fairly miserable, that only the most contemptible imbeciles could possibly like each other, and that laughter, though it undoubtedly exists, is merely an irritating noise made by shallow and uninteresting people.

I know that it is only a small minority of men and women who rejoice so extremely in the spectacle of misery, and that their existence may be explained as a reaction against the attitude of those other extremists who, while delighting in reading the reports of gruesome murder trials, will nevertheless dismiss the tragedies of Shakespeare and the last novels of Hardy as too gloomy for an evening's entertainment. Many of the latter will read every word they can about a murderer who dismembered his victim and left the pieces in the luggage office at a railway station, and at the same time will denounce as morbid and depressing a novel or play that contains a situation not a quarter so hideous. By a curious paradox, it is mostly the same people who are avid readers of the reports of murder trials and who are enthusiastic devotees of revue and musical comedy. They would reject *Jude the Obscure* on the plea that they liked something bright, and by "something bright" they would imagine they meant something free from depressing associations. But their interest in crime suggests that they do not mean this at all. What they really mean is that they prefer something that calls for a minimum of intellectual effort, whether it be a revue or the evidence at a trial for murder. The unpopularity of Ibsen in the English theatre is not due to his morbidity so much as to the fact that the majority of theatregoers are unwilling to make such an effort as is necessary to the enjoyment of his plays.

Thus the lowbrow and the highbrow have little excuse for charging each other with the love of the morbid. Each of them is morbid, though in a different fashion. Each of them would leave unread a paragraph about a golden wedding in order to read a story about a princess who had thrown plates at her husband and then run away from him. Each of them has an unappeasable appetite for horrors, disasters, fights, quarrels and all the varied mishaps that befall human beings.

Can it be that the general taste for reading about miserable events is a proof that human beings are, on the whole, not miserable? Or that happiness is so common that most of us obtain the relief of a holiday in reading about those who are unhappy? It would be pleasant to think so; and there is no doubt that a generation that is itself not enduring the miseries of war is more eager to read about these miseries than a generation that is enduring them. We need to be detached from the greatest miseries to some degree in order to become imaginatively absorbed in them. Mutinies, famines, and fires that burn down cities can give the reader in his armchair a pleasure unknown to those who suffered them. The incidents of the Great Plague itself give us what is undeniably pleasure as we read about them in Pepys. Nobody could read history who could not enjoy reading about appalling miseries. History has often been described as the record of human folly and wretchedness; yet this does not prevent it from being one of the most delightful branches of literature.

Possibly, the attractiveness of disaster may be due to the fact that it excites our curiosity more than the smooth and placid stretches of existence. The christening of a king's son may be a more beautiful event than a bullfight, but many of us would prefer to read a description of the bullfight. I am not sure that, if I were offered a ticket for either of the two occasions, I should not choose the bullfight. It is not that I should expect to enjoy it—at least, not entirely—any more than I enjoy reading the details of the German "Jack the Ripper" murders. But, whereas the notion of a christening rouses my curiosity only mildly, I feel an intense curiosity as to what a bullfight looks like and as to the sort of pleasure it has given generation after generation of men and women. I am glad that cockfighting is forbidden, but, if cockfights were still permitted, I should almost certainly go to see one out of curiosity. I remember hearing a discussion in which a number of men and women argued whether, if murderers were still executed in public, they would go to see the executions, as did many of their ancestors. Most of those present said "No"; but every writer in the company declared that he would attend at least one execution, and a great novelist affirmed that he would regard it as a positive duty to do so. There was, so far as I could see, no dividing line of humanity between those who said "Yes" and those who said "No." The difference was merely one of curiosity. That curiosity, like other passions, can be carried to morbid and odious extremes, is obvious enough, and there are necessary limits to the curiosity even of the man of science, as we can see if we imagine a man of science getting hold of a fellow human being and experimenting on him in order to test his nervous responses to all manner of pains and tortures. At the same time, if something horrible already exists and will exist, however we wish we could prevent it, there is, as a rule, some justification, either on scientific or on artistic grounds, for the curiosity of those who wish to observe it. Thus, most people who care for birds feel a longing to rescue the song-bird they see in the cruel grip of a hawk; yet most of them also, knowing that other birds are captured by hawks, have a curious desire to witness one such capture taking place. I am still old-fashioned enough to doubt the justification for showing the cruelties of nature on the films as when the lion does the antelope to death in *Trader Horn*. But this is illogical. The thing happens, and, in the jungle, if I were not afraid of lions, I should wish to be there at the moment at which it happened. One is curious to see life at its most dramatic crises. There are men so curious that they would experience the pleasures of curiosity if they were privileged to witness the end of the world.

Possibly, it is only the lower ranges of our curiosity that are so overwhelmingly fascinated by disaster. It may be that the philosopher, while accepting the sensational as an essential part of nature, would look with far more eager interest on quieter and more beneficent streams of events. The thought of Chicago as a garden city would possibly excite him far more profoundly than tales of Scarface Al Capone and the gangsters. He might even have taken more interest in the Greeks and the Trojans if, on the first day of the landing, the leaders on both sides had shaken each other warmly by the hand and the Greeks had gone home with an invitation to return for the next summer holiday. But, if that is the philosophic attitude to life, it is not the attitude of ordinary human nature. What we ordinary human beings still feel—though we may feel it with somewhat less confidence than formerly—is that peace, like golden weddings, is a flat affair to read about compared with the wickedness of mankind.

Y. Y.

"THE SKILL-HUNGRY MAN"

MOST of us feel a sinking of the spirit when the subject of education looms in the offing, as writers of sea stories used to say of a pirate ship. For myself, the depression is so melancholy that if I see the word "education" approaching on the next page or newspaper column, I quickly turn to any other subject, though I know education to be the most vital of pursuits. I once tried to be a schoolmaster at two of our great public schools, but the task was so far beyond my powers that I agreed with the man who, as quoted by Dr. Jacks, declared that "whom God hates He makes a schoolmaster."

And yet Dr. Jacks himself, Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, and therefore well acquainted with the subject, told the Conference on New Ideals in Education there that this depressing subject had now become the great adventure and the great romance of the age. If only he could induce us all to think so! For it is exactly the sense of adventure and romance that so many of us have found wanting in teaching and in learning too. He said that man is a crisis-loving animal, and therefore he ought, one supposes, to be particularly happy in the present crisis of the world; for certainly the situation is critical enough for anybody's love. But he thought the intellectual world, like the economic, was suffering from over-production—an over-production of ideas—and that the output should be restricted for the next ten years, so that we might devote ourselves to rationalising the industry.

He would begin this salutary change by insisting upon skill rather than knowledge in education. Man, he said again, in his defining manner, is a "skill-hungry animal." We all know that to be true. Carlyle in the *Sartor* defined man as "a tool-using animal," which is much the same thing. There is no such joy as making or doing something skillfully. The mere doing of it is part of the pleasure in music and dancing. Patrick Geddes, that sower of fertile ideas, once told me it was the hand that saved the mind, and the mere fact of writing with the hand kept most writers fairly sane. Typewriting cannot be so beneficial, and perhaps that is the reason why some recent writers have a little overstepped the bounds of sanity, but even typing requires a hand. For the young, especially, it is almost a physical necessity to make something, and in boyhood I counted a day lost in which I had not carved or drawn or painted something—a cow or dog or tree or, best of all, a mountain. Reading and learning had to be done under penalties, but the real interest of the day was handiwork, and for that no penalty was ever needed.

Dr. Jacks is right in his complaint that in our education we get too much reading and learning, while the skill-hunger is unappeased. "Skill," he says, "rather than knowledge should be the ultimate objective, and culture should be built upon the double basis of mind and body—if it was really double." In our so-called public schools (which are as strictly private as wealth and birth can make them), I should have thought there was no doubt as to the bodily basis. The foundation is laid almost entirely on that side, and the mental side seems so shaky that one may well doubt if the basis is really double. The cultivation of bodily aptitudes by the masters, who seldom talk of anything else among themselves or with the boys, does not exactly produce skill in the meaning of Dr. Jacks, but, besides physical well-being (in itself so valuable) it does produce a valuable quality in our well-to-do and well-fed classes. For instance, this morning I was diving into Goethe, who is as good an oracle in these days as Virgil was for the Middle Ages, and I found this passage in his talk with Eckermann, March, 1828. After calling the Englishmen in Weimar "crazy fools," he continued:

> If only we could remake Germans after the model of the English! If only we could have less philosophy and more power of action, less theory and more practice, we might obtain a good share of redemption without waiting for a second Christ. A third part of our men of learning and statesmen, being shackled to the desk, are ruined in body and consigned to the demon of hypochondria. Let us hope for better conditions a century hence. Germans may then perhaps have advanced so far as to be no longer professors and philosophers, but men.

Dr. Jacks, however, was not thinking of our rich and lusty public-school boys, who are seldom professors or philosophers, often crazy fools, but sometimes men. He was thinking of the schools and teaching provided for the enormous majority of the English people, who are never rich and seldom lusty. He complains that these primary and secondary schools are oppressed by the mental standard required for matriculation or the Higher Certificate. Of the 7,000,000 who are put through the system in one stage or another, he says that only a minute proportion ever matriculate, and he asks what becomes of the rest? These, he thinks, swell the multitude of the C3 class, the devitalised crowds who attend the football matches, haunt the cinemas, watch the skill of others, having no skill of their own, and wander the streets at night in an atmosphere of sex disturbance, having nowhere to go and nothing else to do. Naturally, Dr. Jacks wishes for a change in our system. He wants attention to skill rather than knowledge, to the basis of the body rather than of the mind, and so to the production of an A1 population rather than a C3. We all agree. All parties would like to see that result. Even the Diehards want a nation fit to die hard.

Very likely Dr. Jacks was incompletely reported, for he must know very well that all the millions who never reach matriculation do not sink into class C3. Of course, many loaf around, content, like spectators at bull-fights, to watch rather than to acquire skill. And many yield to "the atmosphere of sex disturbance." Both ways of "killing time" (appalling phrase!) are well known in other classes besides class C3, and if Dr. Jacks doubts it I will take him for a walk round the West End. But in his condemnation he is too quick a despairer. Though my knowledge of education is so small, I have known in London alone, and have heard in other places of all manner of means by which those millions who have no chance of matriculation can gain skill, bodily development, and interest in the subjects called "cultural."

Dr. Jacks himself must be aware, for instance, of the Evening Institutes, the Technical Schools, the various Polytechnics and Institutions like Morley College, the Vocational Trade Schools, the Co-operative classes, so successful in places like Woolwich and Stratford, and the classes provided by the Post Office for the messengers. In all these places a girl or boy, a young man or young woman can acquire the skill which Dr. Jacks demands and which is so delightful in itself to practise. Some are free, for others the pupils themselves or their parents subscribe, and the money so hardly spared is more in proportion to income than matriculated undergrads or their parents pay in Oxford. Nearly always these places are full. For fifteen years I ran a Cadet Company of the Queen's Regiment for the youths around Shadwell Basin, and they came for the love of the thing.

Dr. Jacks then asks what our system has done for the unemployed; what interests or aptitudes it gives to enable them to spend weeks and months of their unemployment in doing something really worth while? Outside London, even as near the L.C.C. as East Ham, I am told a good deal is done in the way of providing classes for the training of youths and girls up to eighteen. In fact they are not granted the so-called "dole" unless they attend classes in the intervals of seeking work. And I would ask Dr. Jacks one question in return for his. If he were unemployed, how would he spend his terrible hours, weeks, or months of leisure? Probably he has never been out of work, and so cannot imagine the condition of mind that unemployment brings. But I have been unemployed, though never to hunger point like the average working man, and I know the depths of depression into which the inactive mind sinks, the rapid decay of all interest in science, art, literature, and even nature. Of all human curses there is none more devastating to the soul.

As to the last question raised by Dr. Jacks: "What are we all to do with our leisure when machines have reduced our working hours to three or four a day?" I must refer him to the numerous people who do less than that a day and yet survive.

H. W. NEVINSON.

THE LOGIC OF SECURITY

I LOVE the man who faces facts,
The man whose thoughts, and words, and acts,
Are based upon reality.
It does me good to see the scorn,
Of prescient Latin logic born,
Poured on the edifice forlorn
Of Europe's ideality.

To trust the nations' plighted word
Would be too palpably absurd
Both now and in futurity;
Far better to rely upon
Those arms by which, in days by-gone,
Great Louis and Napoleon
Gave France complete security.

I like this realistic stuff,
And *I* am logical enough
To trace its implication:
If Pacts and Sanctions none will mind,
Then *every State must be*, I find,
Stronger than all the rest combined,
Or face annihilation.

It sounds impossible, I own;
But syllogistic proof alone
Cold logic counts as practical.
'Twere heresy to doubt the means;
No doubt some formula one gleans
From Einstein or Professor Jeans
By process mathematical.

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

WAR AND THE NEXT GENERATION

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—By way of a foot-note to your article on "War and the Next Generation," may I be allowed to ask the question whether something explicit might not be done to produce "a generation whose outlook is international?" Those who think seriously about education are for the most part more than dubious about the value of the day-by-day "religious instruction" given by apathetic or sceptical teachers. Is it not possible for the N.U.T. to raise the question whether a Labour Minister of Education, in view of the critical world situation, could not find ways of officially encouraging teachers to make use of that first invaluable school-period for instruction in World Citizenship—or at least to orientate their "scripture teaching" along World Commonwealth lines?—Yours, etc.,

ARNOLD FREEMAN,
(Chairman of the Sheffield Educational Settlement
The Settlement, Sheffield. World Commonwealth Group)

PRISON FOR THE POOR

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I am afraid we are all too busy shedding crocodile tears over Russian labour conditions, or discussing whether or no cinemas shall open on Sundays, or if sweepstakes shall be allowed, or drinking permitted after ten o'clock, to pay attention to the scandal you referred to in your last issue, and for which you are to be heartily congratulated. I refer to the injustice that thousands of our countrymen are being subjected to in being imprisoned for debt.

It is a matter that should make the average Englishman hang his head in shame and agree that we are not called a nation of hypocrites without reason. We abolish the Fleet and the Marshalsea with a flourish of trumpets and use the very Act which was intended to set free the poor debtor to cast him back into gaol again.

We may sometimes be pardoned for wondering whether the scales that the lady holds aloft so ostentatiously over the New Bailey require the attention of an inspector of weights and measures.—Yours, etc.,

27 Waverley Grove, N.W. 4. FREDERICK WILLIS.

THE ANTI-BOLSHEVIK CREED

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Your Swedish correspondent, M. Torsten Cederlund, declares that I have only to ask any sailor who has been engaged in loading timber in White Sea ports to obtain more testimony to the existence of forced labour in the U.S.S.R. than I "really seem to want."

I should resent very much M. Cederlund's assumption that I *want* or *do not want* evidence on this point, if I were not inclined to suspect that it is this gentleman himself who *wants* to prove a case. I am quite aware, and indeed pointed out in my article, that Russian timber export must press very heavily on the Swedish and Finnish timber trades. The whole agitation about forced labour in Russia was indeed started in Sweden and Finland; and how far it originated in and still depends on the information so readily furnished by Swedish and Finnish sailors is a question which I must leave to your correspondent to determine.—Yours, etc.,

5 Acacia Road, N.W. 8. MICHAEL FARBMAN.
April 9th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Apropos Mr. Michael Farbman's article, "The Anti-Bolshevik Creed," in your issue of March 21st., the following excerpt from the speech of Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Brooke, M.C., Commanding Officer of the 6th Battalion Devonshire Regiment, at Barnstaple on Saturday, March 21st, may possibly afford some amusement.

After touting for the sale of the regimental calendar—"the proceeds to be devoted to the training grant which the Government has cut down"—the gallant Colonel is reported to have spoken as follows:

> I want to ask you to help England fight against the Anti-militarist. The greatest enemy England has to contend with to-day is the Anti-militarist. The Englishman is Anti-militarist either from intense stupidity, or else he is a hypocrite or a coward. I tell you, the Anti-militarist, in order to satisfy his stupidity, hypocrisy or cowardice, runs the risk of seeing England defeated, and our sons carried off into the Russian labour camps, and your daughters to be the concubines of foul and filthy Soviets. I call upon you to stamp out these Anti-militarists. The Anti-militarists would betray their children, their country, and their God.

One's amusement at this peroration is tempered, however, by the fact that this gentleman, in his capacity as chief of a territorial unit, has the opportunity of disseminating his pernicious rubbish among a large proportion of the young men of the County of Devon; that, until recently, he *has* disseminated his rubbish among the now disbanded School Cadet Corps, aided and abetted by the headmasters of the various schools—very pious and worthy men probably, and all of them pillars of their local branches of the League of Nations.

Defoe has recorded that in his time there were 800,000 stout country fellows ready to fight to the death against Popery, without knowing whether Popery was a man or a horse. The gallant Colonel apparently wishes to get our present stout country fellows into the same martial state of mind against the Bolsheviks. He himself appears to have a vague idea that a Soviet is a species of pedigree-stallion. Balderdash like this is of the same calibre as that of an Oates; only the wooden shoes have been metamorphosed into Soviet lumber-camps. It is a pity that Colonel Brooke's lurid prophecy will never be fulfilled; otherwise some of our swashbuckling friends might yet have an opportunity of doing their first day of productive labour.—Yours, etc.,

Keble College, JOHN CARNELL.
Oxford.

BUY BRITISH

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As a voter and a housewife I am much interested in the "Buy British" Campaign. Mr. Cadbury advocates it. What, I wonder, would he do in this particular case? My cook asks me, Am I to order a pound of Danish bacon for breakfast or a pound of Wiltshire? I answer, "Well, we've had both and there seems to me very little to choose between them. What do they cost? Danish 1s. 3d. and Wiltshire 2s. 1d. Then buy the Danish and spend the 10d. you will have in hand on apples, the children aren't getting enough fresh fruit." But suppose I had said "Buy the Wiltshire," the apple grower would have been mulcted of 10d., the children would have suffered vitamin deficiency, and the British bacon grower would have been encouraged in his obstinate refusal to co-operate and adopt modern marketing methods which it is said is one of the principal reasons why the Danish farmer is able to beat him on his own ground. Does Mr. Cadbury really think I ought to have "bought British"?—Yours, etc.,

ELDRED HORSLEY.

HANGING

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Irons should do Mr. Shaw the justice of quoting him correctly. The sentence runs: "We must eliminate the Yahoos, or their votes will wreck the Commonwealth." As the prison population have no votes, they were obviously not referred to.

The crucial question is whether capital punishment prevents a greater degree of misery than that which it admittedly inflicts. If the abolition of capital punishment were known to be invariably followed by an increase of murder, one could understand hesitation on the subject. Even then, hanging would be indefensible. As Mahaffy said, it is impossible to read the account of the execution of Socrates, side by side with the account of a present-day hanging, without a sense of shame for Christian civilisation.

But, in fact, there is not a tittle of evidence that the abolition of the death-penalty *is* followed by an increase of murder. That being so, the continued defence of the gallows by well-meaning men is incomprehensible, except on the hypothesis that a tendency to sadistic perversion lurks unsuspected in the make-up of more of us than it is comfortable to contemplate.—Yours, etc.,

The Athenæum, Pall Mall, S.W. 1. ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON.
April 10th.

B.B.C.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May I thank you and the writer for the article on the B.B.C. in your last issue.

I do not think the people realise the dangerous game that is

going on. When we consider that the B.B.C. and the weekly reviews and monthlies are almost the only free and independent publishers of news we have got, and that, unfortunately, most of the people never see them, but swallow the daily papers instead, we can see the awful prospect of the human mind being doped and darkened by garbling, colouring and suppression. Enlightenment or heathenism? I am sure you will agree that this is a vital matter, and that a desperate fight should be made to keep the independence of the B.B.C. Please put up a fight, and stiffen the B.B.C. against designing clerics, financiers, politicians and any others! Expose the whole business and tell the people how to help. Stir up public men to agitate for newspapers which will enlighten and develop the public mind on sound lines.—Yours, etc., "LIGHTEN OUR DARKNESS."

THIS SUNDAY BUSINESS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The opponents of the Sunday opening of the cinemas have produced a new "argument." Their spokesman declares that the petition which they are about to present to Parliament is eight miles long. Let us accept this fantastic argument according to mileage.

In London alone there are 250 cinemas opening on Sunday. Each of them has at least one queue of an average length of fifty yards and of an average depth of three persons. At the lowest estimate, therefore, we have here every Sunday more than twenty-one miles of living human beings quite obviously in favour of Sunday opening.—Yours, etc.,

46 Baker Street, W. 1. DODO WATTS.

A GENTLEMAN

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Referring to your article, "The Gentleman," a writer in a paper called the *Lounger* (quoted in *English Furniture* by Oliver Brackett) summed up the position in 1786 with caustic truthfulness thus: "A well-educated British gentleman, it may be truly said, is of no country whatever, he unites in himself the characteristics of all different nations; he talks and dresses French, and sings Italian; he rivals the Spaniard in indolence, and the German in drinking, his house is Grecian, his offices Gothic, and his furniture Chinese."—Yours, etc.,

133 Saint Owen Street, E. L. WALLIS.
Hereford.

BRYN MAWR

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In 1927 the Bryn Mawr and affiliated summer schools in America first offered a scholarship to a British woman industrial worker. This gave an opportunity to a British worker to attend the school and study for eight weeks together with a hundred women workers from all parts of the United States, Canada and other European countries. So successful was the experiment that in 1929 two scholarships were given, and last year the scholarship was extended to cover a further eight months at the Vineyard Shore School.

This year again, therefore, an opportunity will be given to two British industrial women workers to have a whole year of study in America.

A British Committee has been formed to raise £100 *per student*, which is necessary to cover travelling and out-of-pocket expenses. May I appeal to your readers for any help they can give towards this really important piece of international and educational work? Any donation should be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. Ernest Davies, 35 Ormonde Gate, Chelsea, S.W. 3.—Yours, etc.,

London. VERA ANSTEY,
March 31st. Chairman of British Committee.

CRITICS AND THE PUBLIC

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's animadversions on the reception by the "popular" press of *The World of Light* are apposite. Perhaps you will permit me to embroider the theme, for it seems to me that some issues, important to the future of the theatre, are involved. Mr. MacCarthy states, "A few critics, whose standards must be really higher than we supposed from other plays, ran it down; but approval was louder." It seems to me that Mr. MacCarthy begs the question with the word "louder." I was so much struck by Mr. Huxley's play that I examined all available notices, and was rewarded by the discovery that—with the exception of Miss Shackleton in the *Evening Standard* and the critic of the *Daily Mirror*—every "critic" of the popular press gave it a condescending hammering, and that the majority of them insisted the play was an attack on Spiritualism which, as Mr. MacCarthy, in common with the critics of such responsible papers as the *Times*, *Sunday Times* and *Morning Post* pointed out, it most certainly isn't, the real subject being the problem of self-illusion. I was at once puzzled and annoyed by this. It was not till I happened to read the following sentence in Arnold Bennett's *Death of Simon Fuge* that I grasped the situation: "Editors will not allow journalists to praise a living artist much in excess of the esteem in which the public holds him; they are timid." Place the word "some" before "editors" and change the words "the public" to "their public" and I think this quotation is singularly apposite. I am reluctant to believe that most of the critics concerned—Mr. Alan Parsons for instance—are so lacking in acumen that they didn't perceive the true subject of the play. I believe that, as Arnold Bennett suggests, they are placed in an anomalous position by the pusillanimous attitude of the owners of popular sheets toward the public of those sheets. Once again it is a case of newspapers grovelling to the supposed wishes of their public. This attitude is further complicated by the desire for what is called "news-value." An "attack on spiritualism" is held to have "news-value," a psychological problem is not. Thus not only is the true function of criticism disregarded but considerable damage may be done to the reputation and pocket of a serious artist. Is it not high time that managers drew up a Black List of newspapers and boycotted their representatives? For, as Goethe says, "A great public should be reverenced not used as children are when pedlars wish to hook money from them. . . . The public you may flatter, as you do a well-loved child, to better, to enlighten it: not as you do a pampered child of quality, to perpetuate the error you profit from."—Yours, etc.,

April 11th. PLAYWRIGHT.

EPSTEIN

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I think it would be well if S. P. Puri re-read Helen Thomas's letter and the previous correspondence in your paper on Mr. Epstein's "Genesis." I, for one, feel that Helen Thomas did quite right in protesting against some of the "vulgar gibes."

If Mr. Epstein's work were merely bitter and insolent, it could be killed by ridicule; but no work has been more ridiculed than his, and yet it lives. "Genesis" suggests the stark, mysterious truth of human genesis, and posterity will include Mr. Epstein among the great artists who worked to break down affectation and artificiality.—Yours, etc.,

Newport, Mon. (Miss) GLADYS H. COCKS.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—If a further letter on "Genesis" is permissible, may I suggest that the meaning of it is well expressed in its name? It might represent *all* "beginnings," independent of time and period, both human and the concrescences of the sub-human. I and my "boss" were moved by it, for it seemed to express the self-hiding glory of the power of the organic process, a brooding, ever-creeping-on power, rooted in this earth. The various features could be given various meanings: the slanting eye, the lip posture and the small chest. The large hands, for instance, might be expressive of the latent power of manipulation, the glory of present man.

By the way, not to "understand the meaning" simultaneously with an "illumination of darkness" is a self-cancellation rather similar to the simultaneous onslaught of Lucifer and Ahriman on Christ at the second temptation.—Yours, etc.,

Manchester. G. C. ADENEY.

THE TARIFF ISSUE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Keynes suggests that, proceeding from the platitude that, other things being equal, imports buy exports, I have elaborated an "argument against Tariffs which would apply equally against a reduction of wages or an increase in efficiency." I do not wish to argue with Mr. Keynes on this matter. For the purposes of this controversy, I am perfectly content that your readers should think that Mr. Keynes thinks that an increase of efficiency or a reduction of wages would have the same effects on employment in the export industries (which is what I was discussing in the paragraph cited) as the imposition of a tariff

on imports. As a fellow-teacher of Economics, I shall privately refuse to admit that he believes any such nonsense. As a matter of fact, in the article he alludes to, I was merely endeavouring in my humble way to present a more cautious version of his own rebuke to Mr. Baldwin in 1923—"Imports are receipts: and exports are payments. How as a nation can we expect to better ourselves by diminishing our receipts? Is there anything a tariff could do which an earthquake could not do better?" (This was in the *Nation and Athenaeum* for December 1st, 1923, p. 336—a catacomb which personally I find rather entertaining.) Had I known at that stage that, in his desire to flutter the elder parrots of Free Trade, Mr. Keynes would resort to modes of argument calculated to discredit these simple truths, I would, of course, have provided adequate documentation.

Mr. Keynes complains that, in the course of this controversy, nothing very novel or interesting has been said. I think Free-traders will share his regrets. But Mr. Keynes has hardly given us an opportunity. Instead of trying to show how his proposals fit in to the well-established theory of international equilibrium, he has argued throughout as if all those who do not reject on the slightest provocation the general presumption based on this theory are either fanatics or congenital idiots. This makes argument difficult. When he has put forward a serious argument we have responded. I spent two days on those statistics, and I am sure that Mr. Schwartz spent more.

And now, after weeks of highly entertaining but extremely sterile dialectical manœuvres, he has at last disclosed, with some little show of argument, his main reason for believing in a tariff—that it would increase our favourable balance of trade and relieve the pressure on the exchanges. Is this an astonishing novelty? The shades of a million dead parrots—the much be-whiskered *Historismus* of the past—rise up and hail him as brother. "Recognised at last" they cry, "The clever ones always thought us stupid, and now the cleverest of all has come to show how right we really were. Verily, a Daniel come to judgment." Let Mr. Keynes try his *Handelsbilanztheorie* on any continental economist he would respect, and see who gets called parrot then. Mr. Keynes is like a convert to the Roman Catholic religion. He may be permitted the esoteric superiority born of unusual private emotions. But he can hardly be allowed the claim that his beliefs are particularly novel.

Let me attempt to delimit the extent of our disagreements. Let us put export employment aside, for I do not think that Mr. Keynes has been particularly successful in his dialectic here. Let us concentrate on the balance of trade and the general probabilities whose neglect Mr. Keynes so much deplores. Among the first effects of the imposition of a tariff, *whether in a state of equilibrium or disequilibrium*, will be a tendency for gold to move in, to stop flowing out, or at any rate to cease to flow out so quickly. I do not think this has been ignored by the Free Trade economists of the past. Indeed, I always understood that it was the basis of the classical attack on Mercantilism. Nor am I aware that it has been overlooked in recent years by the Finance Ministers of Continental Europe. A great many of the tariff walls from which we now suffer were erected to safeguard the balance of trade. Mr. Keynes is simply proposing to make yet another trade balance favourable. But the most conspicuous example of adherence to his "new" theory is surely the recent legislation of the Commonwealth of Australia. Who can doubt that by the imposition of prohibitions and tariffs the Government of that unfortunate country has provided a temporary easement of the exchange situation? Yet who, even of the 90 per cent. of the electorate whom Mr. Keynes believed at the beginning of this controversy to be in agreement with him, really thinks that the adoption of such a policy, so difficult to reverse, so pernicious in its general effects on the structure of production, is in the true interests of Australia? Who is really willing to follow Mr. Keynes down the primrose path to the Antipodes?

Not I—for all the magic of his sweet pipings.—Yours, etc.,

10 Meadway Close, N.W. 11. LIONEL ROBBINS.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Durbin makes no attempt to answer the perfectly straightforward question that I addressed to him. Instead he addresses three questions to me. Two of them appear to me to be completely irrelevant to the present discussion, but I will endeavour to deal with all three of them.

1. I do not believe "that in the absence of foreign investment-yielding income from abroad we could import anything without either borrowing or exporting something in exchange." If Mr. Durbin really imagines that there was anything in my letter to justify his asking me this question, he must, I am afraid, be more completely unaware of the essential nature of the difference between us than I should have thought was possible.

2. I do not believe "that if we cut off *all* imports there would be no effect on exports." And I do not believe, Mr. Durbin may be glad to know, that if we cut off *some* imports, there would be no effect on exports. But I also do not believe—and this is where I differ from Mr. Durbin, and this, Mr. Durbin forgets, is the only point that we are discussing—that there is any reason why the effect on exports should *necessarily* be equal to the effect on imports. (My own view is that the effect on exports would, at the present time, be relatively small.)

On the other hand, there is the corresponding question that I am justified in suggesting to Mr. Durbin. Does he believe that if we cut off *all* imports, our exports would become negative in amount? I do not see how he can avoid this interesting conclusion, and I should be glad if he would tell us what a negative export looks like.

3. Mr. Durbin asks for further enlightenment on the effect, according to his own principles, of foreigners "buying British goods." Let me try to make it clearer by putting it into concrete terms. If an Englishman buys a British car instead of an American car, employment is increased in our motor-car industry. But, says Mr. Durbin, there is an equal increase of unemployment in our export industries. Now, let us suppose that it is a Frenchman who buys a British car instead of an American car. Employment in our motor-car industry is, of course, increased. But Mr. Durbin is now confronted with the problem of explaining how the rest of the world are going to pay for the car that it has bought from us. It can do so, on Mr. Durbin's principles, in only two ways. It can buy less from us of other things. In this case there will be an increase in unemployment in other export industries that will compensate for the increase in employment in the motor-car industry. Or the rest of the world, in order to pay for the motor-car, will, according to Mr. Durbin, have to send us more imports. The compensating unemployment will then occur in those of our industries that have to meet this increased foreign competition.

Finally, I am sorry if I have failed to get Mr. Durbin to face the analogy between the effect of putting on a tariff and the effect of reducing costs. If he is to be logical, he is bound, I suggest, to admit that, *either* in both cases *or* in neither case, the beneficial effect on employment of the reduction of imports (or increase of exports) is completely offset by the adverse effect of the reduction of exports (or increase of imports).—Yours, etc.,

26, Fairhazel Gardens, N.W. 6. R. F. KAHN.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Abandoning for awhile the ever so unstable equilibrium of his argumentative method, when Mr. Keynes says with such forthright emphasis that "if we could get them" then "obviously a rise in world prices or a reduction of British wages would be much better than a tariff for our export industries," might I ask him of whom he is thinking or for whom he is holding a brief when he uses that plural pronoun in the first person, "we"?

Assuming that he is speaking for the whole community and not for a single party to the wage contract, does he seriously believe that the wage-earners are going to be attracted to such a proposition? And if he is just harbouring the hope that he can get away with this gloss upon the class bias of the little word "we," what but an Olympian conception of the science of economics (as beyond the observation let alone the understanding of the working class) could allow of such an admission as is inherent in this assertion?

I can assure Mr. Keynes that worker students from end to end of Britain are pondering that paragraph preliminary to passing it on to others in the ranks of organised labour. At the same time, they are asking how it is that amongst all the parrots—it is well one professor applied that term to the whole species and not a naughty labour college lecturer—even the one "bad bird" has taken till now to discover (or was it merely to ejaculate?) that the morning was not so lovely.

They have been pointing out this fact, obvious enough to them, for a long time—together with the further nasty suggestion that there is a distinctively subjective bias to the presentation of economic truth. The acrobatics of Mr. Keynes are an admirable object-lesson, and for the rapidity with which he changes posture we thank him. To watch his adjustments is to be made

abundantly aware of how unstable is the equilibrium of the whole chaos called capitalism.—Yours, etc.,

11 Lilyville Road, Fulham, London, S.W. 6. WALTON NEWBOLD.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The Socialist detects a very hollow note in this controversy. He hears many loud horns being blown in a fog. The fog must be dispersed before the bare bones of the controversy can be seen. Fortunately for us, the issue stands crystal clear in a picture drawn fifty years ago, when a similar controversy was raging. In *An Unsocial Socialist* the hero of Bernard Shaw's novel explains:

> Free Trade by itself will ruin England. . . . The cry for Protection will become wild, but no one will dare to resort to a demonstrably absurd measure that must raise prices before it raises wages, and that has everywhere failed to benefit the worker. . . . The theory of Free Trade is only applicable to systems of exchange, not to systems of spoliation. Our system is one of spoliation, and if we don't abandon it, we must either return to Protection or go smash. . . . Now, sooner than let the Protectionists triumph, the Cobden Club itself would blow the gaff, and point out to the workers that Protection only means compelling the proprietors of England to employ slaves resident in England—and, therefore, presumably, though by no means necessarily Englishmen. This would open the eyes of the nation at last to the fact that England is not their property. Once let them understand that and they would soon make it so. When England is made the property of its inhabitants collectively, England becomes Socialistic. Artificial inequality will vanish then before real freedom of contract; freedom of competition, or unhampered emulation, will keep us moving ahead; and Free Trade will fulfil its promises at last.

The whole of Trefusis' speech should be read by all who seek to understand the fundamental causes of our present discontents and the cure.—Yours, etc.,

The Stance, West Runton, Norfolk. ALBERT SOLOMON.

POINTS FROM LETTERS

TARIFF ISSUE

Currency and credit are at present unhealthily restricted because of a world shortage of gold. The greater the use of cheques, the less the call for notes which are based on gold. If cheques were relieved of stamp duty their use in small transactions would be encouraged and they would tend to replace notes. If, for instance, wages were paid by cheque, local shopkeepers would accept them readily as they would know the firm. The result would be that when the day's takings came to be banked, the bulk would be in cheques, not notes, and being on a local bank, the bank's clerical work would be simple. The firm paying wages by cheque would be better off, because instead of depleting their account by the full amount of the wage bill on Friday, the full amount would not be debited until the following Wednesday. My proposals are: (1) Remove the stamp duty on cheques, (2) a joint campaign by the banks to encourage the use of cheques, particularly for the payment of wages.—C. F. BAKER, 88 Hertford Road, East Finchley, N. 2.

Surely Sir Henry Page Croft should ask himself the following questions?:—(*a*) Would German exports be so great if reparations were not squeezing the life-juice out of her industrial population?; (*b*) Would American exports, even now not much over one-tenth of her total home and foreign trade, be so great were she not internally the "greatest free trade area in the world," possessed of all the economic advantages conducive to mass production in every direction? Would not her exports be far greater were she to lower her high tariff wall, and unsterilise the gold that lies rusting in her Treasury vaults?; (*c*) Will French exports remain at the same high level when her tourist trade and the sale of her luxury goods drop off as soon as the impoverishment of a considerable number of her American and English tourists and customers is made clearer?—S. L. BARRON, B.Sc. (Econ), London School of Economics.

If Mr. Keynes' revenue tariff is capable of stimulating employment, saving on the dole, and performing the various other meritorious functions which he claims for it, surely it is paradoxical of him to recommend the abandonment of so useful and expedient as soon as it has fulfilled its immediate role of relieving some of the present discontents. Mr. Keynes will not, of course, suggest that the solution of the unemployment problem will necessarily follow from the restoration of prices to the 1929 level; and if it does not, then why not continue the revenue tariff for as long a period thereafter as the country can benefit by its dole-saving and unemployment-reducing proclivities? It is, indeed, difficult to distinguish with the naked eye the difference between the arguments advanced by Mr. Keynes for his revenue tariff and those normally advanced by orthodox Protectionists for common or garden Protection.—J. C. JOHNSTONE, Marella, Hook Heath, Woking.

Miscellany

THE PRÉSIDENT DE BROSSES

By LYTTON STRACHEY

PART II.

And now the fury of the frantic old desperado flamed up sky-high. Seizing his pen, he poured out, in letter after letter to all the lawyers in Dijon, his account of what had happened—the swindling to which he had been subjected, the insults to which he had been exposed. To a particular friend, the Président de Ruffey, he sent a long formal statement of his case, followed by a private sheet of enraged argumentation. As for his enemy, he was no longer a président—the little bewigged monster—he was a fetish. He would see to it that the nickname stuck. "Le Fétiche," he shrieked, "demande de l'argent de ses moules et de ses fagots. . . . Le misérable m'accable d'exploits." He had put up Baudy, who was a man of straw, to do his dirty work. "Songez qu'il faisait cette infâmie dans le temps qu'il recevait de moi 47 mille livres! . . . Qu'il tremble! Il ne s'agit pas de le rendre ridicule: il s'agit de le déshonorer. Cela m'afflige. Mais il payera cher la bassesse d'un procédé si coupable et si lâche." Finally, he addressed the Fetish himself in a letter composed in his most magnificent style. "Vous n'êtes donc venu chez moi, Monsieur, vous ne m'avez offert votre amitié, que pour empoisonner par des procès la fin de ma vie." In great detail he went over the whole dispute. With singular violence, and no less singular obtuseness, he asserted the hopelessly contradictory propositions, both that the wood was his by purchase and that the Président had given it him; he hinted that his enemy would make use of his position to pervert the course of justice; and he ended with threats. "S'il faut que M. le Chancelier, et les Ministres, et tout Paris, soient instruits de votre procédé, ils le seront: et, s'il se trouve dans votre Compagnie respectable une personne qui vous approuve, je me condamne."

The Président's moment had come—the testing moment of his life. What was he to do? It was still not too late to withdraw, to pay the money with a shrug of the shoulders and put an end to this fearful hubbub and this terrifying enmity. For a short space he wavered. It was true that Voltaire was the greatest writer of the age, and perhaps he deserved some allowances on that score. In any case, he was an extremely dangerous antagonist—a man who had made mincemeat of all his literary opponents and fought on equal terms with Frederick the Great. But no! It was intolerable! His Burgundian blood boiled, and the proud traditions of aristocracy and the judicial habits of a lifetime asserted themselves. "Là-dessus on dit"—so he explained later to a friend—"c'est un homme dangereux. Et à cause de cela, faut-il donc le laisser être méchant impunément? Ce sont au contraire ces sortes de gens-là qu'il faut châtier. Je ne le crains pas. . . . On l'admire, parce qu'il fait d'excellents vers. Sans doute il les fait excellents. Mais ce sont ses vers qu'il faut admirer." And so, taking Voltaire's letter, he wrote upon the margin of it a reply, in which he not only rebutted his arguments, but told him exactly what he thought of him. Point by point he exposed the futility of Voltaire's contentions. He showed that there was actually a clause in the lease by which the cut wood on the estate was specifically excepted from the sale. He offered to drop the matter if Voltaire would send him a receipt in the following terms: "Je soussigné, François-Marie Arouet de Voltaire, chevalier, seigneur de Ferney, gentilhomme ordinaire de la chambre du Roi, reconnois que M. de Brosses, président du Parlement, m'a fait présent de

. . . voies de bois de moule, pour mon chauffage, en valeur de 281 fr., dont je le remercie." He pointed out that otherwise he had nothing to do with the business, that Voltaire owed the money to Charlot Baudy, and that it was indeed extraordinary to see " un homme si riche et si illustre se tourmenter à tel excès pour ne pas payer à un paysan 280 livres pour du bois de chauffage qu'il a fourni." His incidental remarks were nothing if not outspoken. " En vérité," he wrote, " je gémis pour l'humanité de voir un si grand génie avec un coeur si petit sans cesse tiraillé par des misères de jalousie et de lésine. C'est vous-même qui empoisonnez une vie si bien faite d'ailleurs pour être heureuse." As for the suggestion that he would bring undue influence to bear upon the case—" il ne convient pas de parler ainsi: soyez assez sage à l'avenir pour ne rien dire de pareil à un magistrat." " Tenez-vous pour dit," the letter concluded, " de ne m'écrire plus ni sur cette matière ni surtout de ce ton. Je vous fais, Monsieur, le souhait de Perse: *Mens sana in corpore sano*."

It is difficult, indeed, to imagine the scene at Ferney while Voltaire was deciphering, on the edges of his own letter, this devastating reply. But there was worse to follow. A note came from the Président de Ruffey, in which, with infinite politeness, he made it clear that, in his opinion, Voltaire had no case, and that he had better pay. At the same time Ruffey wrote to Madame Denis, Voltaire's niece, advising her to give the money privately to Baudy. Madame Denis had not the courage to do so; she showed the letter to her uncle who, in a dictated reply, still tried to keep up an appearance of self-confidence. " Je ne crains point les Fétiches," he added in his own hand. " Et les Fétiches doivent me craindre." And again, at the bottom of the paper, he scribbled: " N.B.—Il n'y a qu'une voix sur le Fétiche." But such screams were useless; the game was up. The Président's letter remained unanswered; Voltaire swallowed in silence the incredible affront; and when, a little later, the Président, feeling that he could afford to be magnanimous, informed a common friend that he would cancel his account with Baudy if Voltaire gave 281 francs to the poor of Tournay, the great man was glad enough to fall in with the suggestion.

The Président had triumphed; but could he really have supposed that he would escape from such an antagonist unscathed? The sequel came ten years later, when the Président Hénault died and left a seat vacant at the Academy. There was a strong movement in favour of electing the Président de Brosses. There appeared to be no other very suitable candidate; his friends rallied round him, and D'Alembert, writing to Voltaire from Paris, assured him that there was every likelihood that " ce plat Président " would be chosen for the vacant place. The serious feature of the case was that the old Maréchal de Richelieu, who, after a lifetime of fighting and gallantry, amused his decrepitude by making his influence felt in affairs of this kind, supported him. What was to be done? Voltaire was equal to the occasion: his letters flew. At all costs the Fetish must be kept out. He wrote repeatedly to Richelieu, in that tone of delicate cajolery of which he was a master, touching upon their ancient friendship, and spinning a strange tale of the perfidies committed by " ce petit persécuteur nasilloneur," until the Maréchal melted, and promised to withdraw his support. Finally Voltaire despatched to D'Alembert a signed declaration to the effect that he would himself resign from the Academy if Brosses was elected. This settled the matter, and no more was heard of the candidature of the Président. It seems likely that he never knew what it was that had baulked him of the ambition of his life. For 281 francs he had lost the immortality of the Academy. A bad bargain, no doubt; and yet, after all, the transaction had gained him another, and in fact a unique, distinction; he would go down to history as the man who had got the better of Voltaire.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

THE LITTLE MORE

GOOD Erewhonians, whose numbers must surely increase as we become more and more machine-made, will visit the Charles Gogin Memorial Exhibition at Walker's Galleries on account of Samuel Butler. For Gogin was Butler's close friend, and is permanently connected with his work by having put the figures into his drawings for *Alps and Sanctuaries*. But if there is some of Gogin in Butler, there is very little of Butler in Gogin. A suspicion of him flickers up in the water-colour *Hats—Brighton Train*, which demonstrates the incommodity of the " picture-hat " for ladies seeking repose in railway carriages; yet, on the whole, Gogin was content to follow his age rather than criticise it.

It is to his credit that he often followed what was good in it, and there is a significance in one of his pictures bearing the title *A la Corot*. It must be admitted that he saw Shakesperean scenes with the eyes of Sir John Gilbert, and that most of the boopic ladies are merely competent Academy of the day. He was no anti-Raphaelite and anti-Mendelssohnian like Butler and, like so many Victorian portrait-painters, it was to the Mendelssohnian element in Raphael that he succumbed. But his landscapes have a definite relationship with the Barbizon School and its Dutch adapters, Mauve and Maris, whose work is at present unjustly neglected. Such pictures as *The Farm* and *Asparagus Bed* are real nature mirrored in an harmonious style. They show that Gogin frequently sought his standards amid what was best in contemporary movements, and painted up to them, that he could emerge beyond a good journeyman subservience; so that one may go to the exhibition for Butler's sake and remain for his.

And yet he serves to point rather a melancholy lesson, and one of distinct application to-day. For rarely can there have been so many painters as now, who are competent to discern what is vital in their contemporaries' work and to reproduce it. They are Japhets in search of fathers and, the necessary paternity once annexed, become quite creditable sons of families. Unhappily, they are doomed to predecease their parents. For a season they are in the vogue; later they will be interesting examples of a school. On their own account, for all their technical ability and prehensile talent, they are very near to nil. The tediousness of many exhibitions at the present day lies in the dead level of accomplishment, which is a high level, too, yet which remains second-hand and, judged by essentials, second-rate. It is sincere and it is honest, but still there is wanting to it just that saving little more which would be the artist's own impulse and vision. We praise it as evidence of intelligence, of taste and skill; we look for creative power in vain.

This month, two exhibitions admirably exhibit the quality of the little more. At the Lefevre Galleries Miss Ethel Walker exhibits recent sea-pieces, portraits and flower-pieces which confirm her reputation as one of our best living painters. For work of such refinement and evanescence, which seeks out a grace that is remote and instantaneous, the term " greatness " seems almost overburdening. It is justified by the individuality in which these canvases are steeped, the certainty with which they capture beauty at its decisive moment, and their intense property of evocation. Suggestion and clarity go hand in hand; Miss Walker

sees with her own vision, tempers her effect with her own nerves.

At 24 Ryder Street, Miss Thérèse Lessore shows a series of water-colours, which have a concentrated force of personal expression to make them more significant than a great many more imposing exhibitions of oil-painting. These glimpses of audiences, and circus-scenes, with their shadowy spectators and light-bathed turns, are splendid representations of their scene. Their sense of character, their story, is full of drama and variety, their painting is at once of a firmness and delicacy which is sheer mastery of the medium. The Sussex landscapes and the wash-drawings of fishermen and boats share the same exquisite, unique quality. Liveliness and loving care are characteristics of Miss Lessore's little more.

These two exhibitions are of outstanding merit because they show their artists in full realisation of original gifts. Mr. Moore's sculpture at the Leicester Galleries, with its curious mingling of the human form with the forms of nature, frequently reaches fine rhythmical quality. It resembles an attempt to humanise a contour map, and provides great panoramic and plastic interest. Yet there is a sense of indecision about it. Man and the earth are not yet reconciled in Mr. Moore's conception, and he may do better with them disunited. But his experiment should not be missed, and his sense of material is a delight.

The paintings of Giorgio di Chirico, at Messrs. Tooth's, are grandiose fantasies which in the end become monotonous, though they are a good tonic in small doses. Mr. Bigge and Mr. Banting, at the Wertheim Galleries, show a witty sense of form in still life. Like much so-called "abstract" painting, theirs is an up-to-date symbolism with pleasant literary qualities when it conveys an idea clearly, and with little quality of any kind when it fails to do so.

T. W. EARP.

COMPOSERS AND CRITICS

IN the eyes of composers, critics are an evil mitigated only by the publicity which their opinions, favourable or unfavourable, confer. But those who are wise know that even caustic, adverse criticism is less damaging than lukewarm, conventional praise. There is, however, one aspect of criticism which generally escapes attention, and that is its extraordinary difficulty. To blame or disparage effectively requires considerable skill, and to praise convincingly so as to excite the reader to enthusiasm is even harder; in fact, so hard that one scarcely ever meets with such criticism.

Dame Ethel Smyth has been expressing her dissatisfaction with recent criticism in *Time and Tide*, that admirable weekly devoted to feminine expression; but a mere statement of personal dissatisfaction and a public-spirited wish that critics were more intelligent would not have been very helpful. Fortunately, Dame Ethel Smyth has not stopped there, but she has seen the necessity of going to the root of the matter, which, as I have said, lies in the intrinsic difficulty of disparaging or praising effectively. So she has supplied Miss Winifred Holtby with material from private letters she has received about her recent work, *The Prison*. "These letters," writes Miss Holtby, "Dame Ethel had divided into three groups—from musicians, from friends, and from strangers, mostly listeners-in. Their tone makes such an interesting contrast to the tone adopted by the English Press that I have obtained Dame Ethel's permission to quote a few extracts, though these cannot convey the warmth of emotion that pervades the letters."

Every professional critic must have read as far as those words with intense curiosity. Here was a chance of reading what real amateurs and musical enthusiasts would write, who are in no danger of becoming mechanical and stereotyped as those are who by their profession are called upon regularly to give their opinions even when they may not have any to give. With excitement my eyes rushed along to read what the spontaneous impulses of amateurs and musicians, inspired by Dame Ethel Smyth's composition, would dictate. And this is what I read:

> "A great and noble work" (Sir Henry Wood). "Her latest and perhaps her greatest work" (Professor Tovey).

Dare I confess that I did not find these first two critiques stirring? And nobody could call them illuminating. Never mind! Sir Henry Wood's comment sounds as if he had spoken it through a megaphone, whilst the oftener I repeat Professor Tovey's words aloud to myself the less I understand what their true meaning is. To continue!

> "Of course your work will endure . . . but, of course, you know that. I only meant to say that we all here know it also" (Sub-conductor, Reid Symphony Orchestra).

Who was it who said that when a paragraph began with the words "of course" there was no need to read it further? As an amateur critic the sub-conductor of the Reid Symphony Orchestra is disappointing.

> "Everyone tells me that it was most impressive, and your masterpiece so far.* As time goes on your music gets deeper and deeper, a wonderful lesson in idealism for the young" (Professor Edward Dent).

Here I must digress a little. I would ask the reader sensitive to the tone of sentences to compare the above statement about Dame Ethel Smyth's music by Professor Dent with the following extract about Sir Edward Elgar from Professor Dent's article in a recent German musical history on English music. Professor Dent's critique of Elgar has led to a manifesto being addressed to the readers of German newspapers signed by a dozen professional musicians and half a dozen others, among whom is Mr. Bernard Shaw. Mr. Shaw, in his indignation, went so far as to assert that Elgar is to England what Beethoven is to Germany, but Professor Dent writes of Elgar:

> "For English ears his music is over-emotional and not without a tang of vulgarity. His orchestral works are written with vivid colour, in a showy style and with an affected gallantry of expression. The finest of them is *Falstaff*, which is weakened, however, by too close dependence upon a programme; all the same it is a work of great power and originality. His chamber-music is dry and academic."

A comparison of Professor Dent's remarks in a private letter to Dame Ethel Smyth about her own music and of those written in an encyclopædia about Sir Edward Elgar's suggests that musicians are not quite themselves when writing to friends about their friends' music, and that from such criticism one can learn little. This finishes Miss Holtby's list of professional musicians. Compared with the professional critics they seem to me a failure. Now we turn to Dame Ethel's friends, and a more rapturous note is struck at once:

> "No words can express what it brought to my innermost being . . . the embodiment of courage and hope and the peace beyond . . . too magnificent for words" (N. E.).

Beyond wanting to know what the "peace beyond" is beyond I have no comment to make on this.

> "It swept me off my feet into eternity" (C. F.).

Are we to take this literally?

> "What a magnificent enormously exciting thing. . . . It moved me profoundly" (W. H.).
>
> "My God! What you must feel—will go on feeling to the end of your life—to have written such a work. Bless and thank you" (M. E. H.).
>
> "An overwhelming experience, one of the biggest things that has ever happened . . ." (B. B.).

*I understand this is also Sir Hugh Allen's opinion.—W. H.

The comments of three other friends are along the same lines, but being less briefly expressed are less effective. I think we must admit that the above remarks suggest that their writers had more receptive minds than those of the majority of the professional critics (myself included) on this occasion. Extracts from the enthusiastic utterances of seven strangers are given by Miss Holtby, but none of them has achieved any special felicity of expression such as would impress the reader to make a resolution to hear Dame Ethel Smyth's music at the first opportunity that presented itself, so I do not quote them. But as an example of the pitfalls which await the inexperienced writer I will quote the comment of one stranger whose temperature is at a distinctly lower level than that of the other correspondents. He writes:

> "In my recollection the Bach Choir has never drawn such a crowd. . . . I have never seen anything like the enthusiasm" (Member of the Bach Choir).

I can only say that the name of this Bach Choir ought to be changed to Smyth Choir, since they are such lukewarm admirers of John Sebastian; but no doubt the member of the Bach Choir did not intend to convey this.

I am afraid there is no alternative for composers but to bear tolerantly with the obtuseness of the professional critics. Their chief faults are a tendency to overpraise imitative work cleverly fashioned but essentially commonplace, and a lack of enthusiasm for the rare and first-rate. But critics are not the worst enemies of the artist. It is not often that criticism affects the public response to what it hears. The apathy and indifference of those who control the production or publication of music, drama and, to a lesser degree, of literature, are a far greater danger and obstacle than the most hostile criticism. Hostility always arouses defenders and champions, but apathy and lukewarmness spread like a destructive blight and nip the flower and the fruit in the bud.

W. J. TURNER.

THE TRAGIC CARPET

WHEN one succeeds in delving deep into the mysteries of bygone theatrical routine, nothing, perhaps, gives occasion for more surprise than the constant activities during the three-hours' traffic of the stage in Garrick's day of that long-forgotten functionary, the Stage Sweeper. Of his diligence in wielding the besom between the acts we get vivid testimony in Sterne's personal asides in *Tristram Shandy*, but the necessity for his frequent labouring is a puzzle. One wonders where all the dust could have come from. But his very existence helps to establish the fact that in the mid-eighteenth century there were no stage cloths, and that, no matter what the scene, nothing but the bare boards formed the foreground. Cleanliness was not a characteristic of the age, but in days when actresses wore long dresses it was essential. Diligence, however, is one thing and efficacy another. It is to be feared that the old sweeper politically made work for himself simply by brushing up the dust into a corner, whence, in the course of scene-shifting and general traffic, it once more spread itself over the boards. Had the cleansing been complete, there would have been no need for that quaint expedient known as "the tragic carpet." Six feet square of green baize, this clothes-saver was invariably brought on by two attendants and spread out upon the stage a little before one of the characters had to do a backfall. The disadvantage of the procedure was that it gave the show away in conveying to the audience that somebody was about to die a violent death, and Goldsmith in his essays more than once dwelt on its absurdities. It is a sad commentary on the efficacy of criticism that, although trenchantly girded at by Noll in the first number of *The Bee* in 1759, the practice, because of its service to the player, held its ground for another three-quarters of a century, and that, too, despite the fact that the players themselves had come to make open mock of it. In 1778, Garrick made Mrs. Barry say, in delivering the epilogue to Home's tragedy, *Alfred*:

> If this green cloth could speak, would it not tell
> Upon its well-worn nap, how oft I fell?
> To death in various forms delivered up:
> Steel kills me one night, and the next the cup.

But there was little need to poke fun at the tragic carpet, since its use now and again led to the funniest (because unintentional) of comic scenes. In expatiating upon the woeful miscasting, at the Dublin Theatre in 1773, of a vocal comedian, one Robert Mahon, in a tragic role, John O'Keeffe in his delightful *Recollections*, says:

> The first night that Murphy's *Grecian Daughter* was performed in Dublin, Mahon played Dionysius, the tyrant. It was the ridiculous custom at that time, when the principal character was to die, for two men to walk on with a carpet and spread it on the stage for the hero to fall on and die in comfort. Dionysius was stabbed and had to expire. Mahon fell upon the carpet and began his dying speech. Possessed with full inspiration from the Tragic Muse, he grinned and frothed, and threw his eyes around and about, and grasped the carpet with both hands, and writhed and twisted, speaking all the time, by which means, before his speech was half finished, he had wrapped himself so tightly up in this tragic tablecloth of Melpomene, that nothing could be seen of him but the tip of his nose, red with fury.

Half a century later, the green cloth figured in the gentle Elia's mind as the prime symbol of tragedy. In his memorable essay on the death of Elliston, written in 1831, Lamb said:

> He carried about with him his pit, boxes and galleries, and set up his portable playhouse at the corners of streets and in the market-places. Upon flintiest pavements he trod the boards still; and if his theme chanced to be passionate, the green baize carpet of tragedy spontaneously rose beneath his feet.

It is difficult to say exactly when the old convention passed away. Use of the green cloth had certainly ceased on the London stage before 1857, in which year T. W. Robertson, not yet known to fame as the author of *Society* and *Caste*, contributed an article to the *Illustrated Times* lamenting the passing of the old regime. "The chambermaid is gone," he moans—"gone with the oil-lamps, the sheet-iron thunder, and the green carpet, stowed away as useless lumber, unfit for the consideration of a speculative dealer in marine stores." But the old expedient still lingered for some years in the country theatres, those last strongholds of the traditions, and it may be that there still lives some patriarchal old playgoer who actually saw the tragic carpet spread.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The New Gossoon"

THERE is nothing strikingly original about Mr. George Shiels's Irish comedy at the Apollo Theatre, but for those who like a play of rustic life with a little over-obviousness in its recipe, and a little over-sharpness in its flavouring *The New Gossoon* will prove a very good entertainment. The author has got the utmost fun from all his characters without siding with any of them, or guying them, or smarming them over with supposed characteristics of rural types. They are real people in whom it is not only possible, but pleasant to believe. The first act drags a little in its elaboration, but the characters are manœuvered with skill, and the second act unties the strings with great energy, leaving them to be tied together again neatly in the third, with a lot of entertainment in the meantime; and there are no morals to be drawn. The acting is excellent throughout, and the dialect-speaking so effortless that it would be pleasant to listen to for its own sake. Miss Sara Algood has a grace of manner which is unostentatious, but most appeal-

ing, and she played a part which might have been written specially for her; while Mr. Barry Fitzgerald and Mr. Sydney Morgan were so obviously in sympathy with the author's intentions that they must be singled out for mention from a well-chosen cast.

"Five Farthings"

This play is as frail as Miss Tempest is expected to be by a son who, after 14 years' absence, returns with a fortune from Africa. Why any man should wish to find a "Mumsie" delicate in health and weak in the head is as difficult to understand as it is easy to imagine Miss Tempest trying to play up to his wishes. Her attempt, in the second act, to create the atmosphere which is usually associated with lavender and old lace, her failure in the third to maintain it, and her final return to the completely unsuccessful business in which she has become involved, constitute the story of the play. Though the situation gave Miss Tempest full scope for her powers, the poverty of the dialogue was so apparent that many times she had to depend on her facial expression alone in order to win a laugh. Mr. Raymond, as her son, seemed to have acquired some of the heartiness we had gone in search of; Mr. Davis, in a double part, gave two excellent character sketches, and Mr. Graham Browne played the butler in a manner which would have been perfect if he had been cast as a bishop.

"Saint Joan" Revived

It may not be altogether paradoxical to say that *Saint Joan*, now revived for the second time in London at His Majesty's Theatre, wears surprisingly well, for rarely has Mr. Shaw exhibited quite so blatantly his contempt for the ordinary canons of theatre technique. The apparently inorganic matter—the Inquisitor's speech and parts of the Tent argument, for instance—need not so much be questioned as the more strictly "theatrical" parts of the play. The hand that was shown in *The Devil's Disciple* has been played many times since; but in *Saint Joan* the bravura production of aces is not as infallible as it should be. Is there not on the second hearing a faint feeling of discomfort when Miss Thorndike advances to the footlights, draws her sword and shouts: "Who is for God and His Maid?"? At times there is more than a suspicion that Mr. Shaw is treating our dramatic instinct like a hungry watchdog to whom a bone must now and again be thrown, while our intelligence is being invaded; and only in the trial scene after Joan's entry does he achieve the perfect welding of dramatic and dialetical content which is his peculiar achievement as a playwright. Nevertheless, the obvious richnesses remain, and those who have already begun to clamour for cuts should ponder long before asking the sacrifice of a single line.

Miss Thorndike's Maid seems to have hardened slightly, with a suggestion at moments of a schoolgirlish pertness, sharp rather than strong. Otherwise it was as impressive as ever. Mr. O. B. Clarence's gentle eloquence is still persuasive, and Mr. Thesiger still cruelly pathetical-comic. Mr. Lewis Casson as Stogumber recreates and underlines the delight which his admirable completeness has always conveyed. The newcomers in the cast do very well. Lyall Swete is the most difficult of the original members to replace, and it is no reflection on Mr. George Curzon's ability that he misses some of the suave dominance of the earlier Warwick. Beauvais, on the other hand, has never been more coldly magnificent than in the hands of Mr. Lewin Mannering, and Mr. Robert Donat, who looks like having a distinguished future, plays the Bastard with direct vigour.

A "Knock-out"

White Horse Inn, at the Coliseum, produced by Erik Charell, is described as a play with music. It can be best and most simply described as a "knock-out." The story of this Tyrolean inn and its widow proprietress (a part charmingly played by the Austrian actress Lea Seidl) is slender, but sufficient, and it is not blemished by the absurdities which disfigure most musical plays. The music by Ralph Benatzy and Robert Stolz is just what good light music ought to be—lively and intelligent. The song "Good-bye," superbly manipulated by that gifted actor Clifford Mollison, is what the Germans call a "schlager" (a "hit"), but of far superior quality than most "hits." The way this song has been handled is a model for theatrical producers to study, and, for our part, we could go once a week for the next year simply to hear Mr. Mollison sing this song. As a rule there is nothing more boring for adults in the theatre than mere spectacle, but here is no mere spectacle. The scenery and the dresses by Professor Ernst Stern, of Berlin, are of exceptional merit, but it is the production which makes *White Horse Inn* so outstanding a triumph. The arrival of the Emperor Franz Josef in the steamer at the landing stage before the inn is the finest piece of stage management we have ever seen in the theatre. It is not the mere technical efficiency that makes it so impressive, but the producer has so captured the spirit of the thing, the true spirit of pageantry, that it is absolutely exhilarating, and we have never known an audience in a theatre roused to such wild enthusiasm. The cast, which is almost all English, is excellent. Lea Seidl has great charm and sings well. Mr. Clifford Mollison as the head waiter plays and sings with a verve and spontaneity that strikes the keynote of the whole production, which goes with such pace and gusto that the audience is swept off its feet from the very first entrance of the Tyrolean milkwoman (Friedl Lusser) yodelling lustily before the rise of the curtain. *White Horse Inn* is a perfect entertainment for every age, and is the best show of its kind that London has seen during the last ten years.

* * *

Things to be seen and heard in the coming week:

Saturday, April 18th—
Claude Pollard (piano), Wigmore Hall, 3.

Sunday, April 19th—
Lamond, Beethoven programme, Palladium, 3.15.
Dr. G. P. Gooch on "Organising the World," Lindsey Hall, 11.
A. Yusuf Ali on "The Irwin-Gandhi Compact: The New Outlook in India," Conway Hall, 11.

Monday, April 20th—
"Mr. Faintheart," by Ian Hay, Shaftesbury Theatre.
Ballet Club, Second Season, Club Theatre, 2a, Ladbroke Road.
British Drama League, National Festival of Community Drama, Globe Theatre, 1.30.
Marguerite de Pachmann (piano), Grotrian Hall, 8.30.

Tuesday, April 21st—
"The Crime at Blossoms," by Mordaunt Sharp, Embassy Theatre.
Golf: English Amateur Championship, Hunstanton.

Wednesday, April 22nd—
"The Duenna," Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.
B.B.C. Symphony Concert, conductor Sir Henry Wood, Queen's Hall, 8.
Golf: International Ladies' Meeting, Ranelagh.

Thursday, April 23rd—
Beatrice Harrison and Vera de Villiers, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.
Shakespeare Birthday Celebrations, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"HERE! You! Why in hell are you piping my broad? Hit the grit, you fairy, and go buddy up with your own chippy! Jeez, no bellyaching, or I'll croak you." That elegant piece of prose is the result of some rather profound delving in Mr. Godfrey Irwin's "American Tramp and Underworld Slang" (Scholartis Press, 10s. 6d.). I have no illusions about its verisimilitude. I don't suppose any American denizen of the underworld, from the Golden Gate to the Statue of Liberty, from Alaska to the now desolated, if not demolished, Planters' Hotel in New Orleans, would use these particular sentences. That's the worst of all cant and slang; it is rarely used with that bold generosity which fills the mere man of letters when he gets hold of it. No genuine English rogue, I am afraid, would fail to find an embarrassment of technicalities in Henley's modish rhymes in slang, even though he agreed heartily with the sentiment that flaunts in the refrain of the thieves' slang ballade—"Booze and the blowens cop the lot!" So, though it is, if Mr. Irwin is right, the vocabulary of the underworld that I have used, I should never expect to be addressed by any bum, hobo, moucher, mouser, stiff or stir bug in quite the language of my prize objurgatory effort. Its meaning may not be altogether plain to those unacquainted with modern American literature. The speaker, not without profanity and reference to the doubtful morals of the gentleman he is accosting, is inquiring why the stranger is gazing at his lady friend, and expresses a desire that the interfering fellow will go away and content himself with the friendship of his own girl; the alternative, he hints, and the penalty for any complaints at being thus roughly addressed, will be the demise of the stranger at the speaker's hands. There can be no doubt, I am afraid, that the slang address, while less elegant, is more forceful and of a more poignant brevity.

* * *

It is ungracious to complain about a book so full, so scholarly and so entertaining as Mr. Irwin's. There was no need in a volume of this kind for any general essay on slang and its origin; but I wish Mr. Irwin had taken the opportunity to consider the connection between thieves' cant in America and the elaborate, invented slang, once so popular under the impulse of Mr. George Ade's ingenuity. I do not suppose many of the smart young people of to-day in Chicago or New York would understand a quarter of George Ade's *Fables in Slang*, just as—Mr. Irwin points this out—Josiah Flynt, who tramped thirty years ago or more, as has the author of this book in the last ten years, is now but a poor guide to the underworld he knew so well. For to-day slang and cant change rapidly. Not the least cause of this rapidity of change is the printed word; it would be amusing to investigate what influence, if any, literary slang has had on the vocabulary of the underworld. For one must not forget that the tramp society is frequently controlled by men who do not belong to it by birth; they may be few in numbers, but they often have very great influence on their fellows, just as does the tramp who by education rises out of the rut. Men of this kind often take a pleasure in puzzling their comrades of the road by the use of new expressions; and new words or phrases rarely get questioned. Mr. Irwin writes in his preface:

> The last thing a real tramp will admit is his ignorance of what a new word or group of words may mean. In this he is like the negro. As this language is to be learned only from actual use, each old tramp or "grafter" who "dies" or "squares it" means just so much less opportunity for the newcomer to learn his proper tongue. So the young tramp sits quietly by the jungle fire, fitting the context of the conversation about the new words he hears, or failing that, dismisses the matter from his mind until such time as accident may disclose the translation.

In this, surely, the tramp is not more like the negro than like the greater part of mankind, who hate to be out of it, or betray callowness of any kind to their more sophisticated fellows. Which of us would be brave enough, in general company, to plead ignorance of the meaning of "complex," "stylized," "relativity," "electron," or "significant"?

* * *

Besides his introduction and an excellent essay by Mr. Eric Partridge on the relation between American and English thieves' slang, the book consists of a glossary—180 odd pages—and a fifty-page appendix of "Songs of the Road." Some of these songs are faulty recollections of old English ballads—recalling the Appalachian variants on English poetry—but many are peculiar to America and belong to the characteristic type of tramp life in the States. I am surprised to find that "Sam Hall"—the song which drove Colonel Newcome out of the Cyder Cellars in Maiden Lane—is still sung in a slightly politer version. Apparently neither Mr. Irwin nor Mr. Partridge knows the ballad's history. It dates from 1848, and was sung by W. G. Ross, a Scotch low comedian; an old version of the song and a striking account of its reception in Thackeray's time will be found in Mr. Hayward's *The Days of Dickens*. One of the most characteristic and, in its way, most naïvely moving of the poems given by Mr. Irwin is *Frankie and Johnnie*, which is, he states, an old song from Mississippi. Frankie finds that Johnnie is unfaithful to her, and follows him to the "hook-shop" (brothel):

> Frankie threw back her kimona,
> Took out the little forty-four,
> Roota-toot-toot, three times she shoot,
> Right through that hardwood door;
> He was her man, but he done her wrong.
>
> Johnnie grabbed off his Stetson,
> Said, "Oh, Gawd, Frankie, don't shoot!"
> But she pressed hard on the trigger,
> And the gun went roota-toot-toot;
> He was her man, but he done her wrong.
>
> "Roll me over easy,
> Oh, roll me over slow,
> Roll me over on my right side
> 'Cause my left side hurts me so."
> He was her man, but he done her wrong.
>
> "Bring out your rubber-tyred buggy,
> Bring out your rubber-tyred hack,
> I'll take my man to the graveyard,
> But I won't bring him back;
> He was my man, but he done me wrong."
>
> They brought out the rubber-tyred hearses,
> They brought out the rubber-tyred hack,
> Thirteen men went to the graveyard
> But only twelve came back;
> He was her man, but he done her wrong.

According to Mr. Irwin the American tramp—and the same is true of the English—occasionally shows real taste in poetry, and no little power in its recitation. He has heard a tramp recite Masefield's "Sea Fever." He has known men who quote Kingsley, Stevenson, Browning and Sara Teasdale. "'Porphyria's Lover' was the only bit of poetry a certain gunman knew, but he had memorised it while doing 'five spaces,' and, strangely enough, could recite it with all the feeling in the world!" Mr. Irwin's book is not only a genuine addition to that library which includes Grose's *Vulgar Tongue* and Henley's and Farmer's Slang Dictionary, but because of his essays and Mr. Partridge's may be put beside Josiah Flynt's autobiography and Jack Black's confessions as giving an unusual view of the life of the American tramp.

RICHARD SUNNE.

NEW NOVELS

Joseph and Peter. By ANTON GABELE. Hopkinson. 7s. 6d.
Green Memory. By BARNARD ELDERSHAW. Harrap. 7s. 6d.
Adjustments. By I. R. G. HART. Benn. 7s. 6d.
Highland Fling. By NANCY MITFORD. Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.
The City Keep. By CHARLES MALAM. Blackwell. 7s. 6d.
Brave Employments. By MARJORIE BOWEN. Collins. 8s. 6d.
A Vain Pursuit. By G. RICHARDS. Richards. 7s. 6d.
Thunderclap. By JOHN BROPHY. Scholartis Press. 6s. 0d.

Joseph and Peter is a peasant story about the fir-clad mountains of Upper Swabia; its heroes are twin brothers, and rival wooers of fortune. From the beginning, all the effort is on Joseph's side and all the success on Peter's. The luck holds until the very last chapter—when Peter's house falls down, not on Peter, but on Joseph. The merit of the novel lies equally in the story and in the style. There is imagination in the conception and realism in the telling. The story is compact and beautifully built, the style curiously terse, and every word in the book is appropriate. Herr Gabele presents his characters simply, yet their personalities are sharply defined; he refrains from probing into minds and motives in the usual German manner; now and again, in fact, it seems that his characters cease to have minds at all, and allow themselves to be swept along by the destiny they believe in. Even in youth, planning and striving is alien to them, for theirs is the calm acceptance of whatever to-morrow may happen to bring. Yet despite their subjection to destiny—indicated in the German title *In the Shadow of Fate*—each one of these peasants has a very distinct individuality, for Gabele is an artist who can create character out of the simplest happenings of daily life. He knows, moreover, exactly how much detail to bring in, to make his pictures sharp and clear:

> The young men went out to work, while the farmer and his daughter prepared the dead woman for her last journey. They had only to open the clothes-press. On top and ready to hand lay the hempen shirt, the rosary with its ruby-red beads, the black cross and the twig of box for the holy-water glass. The dead woman had provided everything beforehand, and they gave her what she had prepared for herself. But her hand was still clutching the kitchen ladle so tightly that they dared not take away what she held so obstinately. They spread the sheet over the hand and the spoon to guard it from curious eyes and let the old woman embark for the other world with the two emblems of her life—the rosary and the kitchen ladle.

A grim story, this *Joseph and Peter*, but too detached, too good-natured, and far too cleverly written to be anything but pleasant. The book has a remote and poetic quality, mingled with a very material strain of humour, unforced, and arising directly out of the situations themselves. There is a feeling behind it that, in spite of ignorance, of denseness amounting to cruelty, these people thoroughly enjoyed life.

It is always interesting to speculate by what means two or more collaborators have achieved artistic unity: Jules and Edmond de Goncourt, the translators of the Bible, Erckmann-Chatrian, Somerville and Ross. From Australia we now have Marjorie Barnard and Flora Eldershaw, the indistinguishable component parts of that fine novelist, "Barnard Eldershaw," whose first story, *A House is Built*, had the honour of being called by the late Mr. Arnold Bennett "a major phenomenon of modern fiction." Whatever else they may lack, the two minds that make up Barnard Eldershaw have certainly succeeded in fusing themselves into a single identity, and their second novel, *Green Memory*, lives up to expectation.

This is a story of Australian family life in the middle of last century, of difficulties made a thousand times worse by a mixture of character and convention. The Havens are a proud, ambitious family, very conscious of their English origin, resolute partisans of the Australian squattocracy. Disgrace is more than Alfred Haven can bear, and he shoots himself, leaving his family to get out of the mess as best they may. The eldest daughter, Lucy, stands for ambition and strength of character, for the upbringing of the family on the lines her father had planned in fortunate days, for convention, flying the flag, and all the rest of it. Mrs. Haven stands for weakness, stupidity, and muddle; Charlotte, the second daughter, for sentimentality, but also for a certain human understanding of human limitations. At first the victory lies with Lucy. She begins by sacrificing herself, and in the same spirit of triumphant martyrdom, sacrifices every member of the family on the altar of paternal vanity. The book draws a fine picture of nineteenth-century snobbery and convention, in itself perfectly sincere and well-meaning, and of its effects upon its victims, especially the youngest. Mina's mind is, in fact, Barnard Eldershaw's surest standpoint. The first half of the book is infinitely the better; towards the end it grows chaotic and one's interest begins to relax, but it is well written throughout, in a clear and rather beautiful style.

Miss Hart's study in dishonesty is a genuine piece of work, in spite of the temptations, not always avoided, to render it over-carpentered. Ruth Lambe, a widow, cheats her widowed mother into believing that Hetty, Mrs. Lambe's sister, has been left a fortune by a friend; so Mrs. Marryatt revises her will, and leaves Hetty penniless. Unfortunately she writes a letter to Hetty through a nurse; so when Hetty and Ruth meet, Hetty knows that her sister has cheated her. The resulting difficulties of mood and character are sensitively portrayed. Miss Hart enjoys investigation into mortality's obscurer motives, and her novel is as ingenious a tale as one would wish.

Miss Mitford has been badly treated by the writer of her publisher's blurb:

> Humour draws a trail which all must follow through the pages of this amusing book. Satire is here with trenchant wit that is not too harmful. Burlesque rears its mocking head not too grotesquely masked. Farce stalks with swinging gait that is not too crushing. Caricature limns the characters with pen that does not make them unrecognisable. . . .

Miss Mitford is really not as bad as this. As it happens, she has not a nodding acquaintance with satire, wit, or brilliance. Caricature she touches, and farce, but three-quarters of her book is just frankly ludicrous; ludicrous and thoroughly readable. The story concerns two members of the younger generation, Walter and Sally, who are accidentally involved in a Highland house-party. They take along with them Albert (Memorial) Gates and a young lady called Jane. Albert is a lover of all things Victorian and a painter to boot: "My principal medium is oils. Gouache, tempera and prepared dung are mediums I never neglect, while my bead, straw and button pictures have aroused a great deal of criticism not by any means all unfavourable." The rest of the house-party are "guns" and a hilarious situation develops. One can but congratulate Miss Mitford on her caricature of those people to whom Scotland is just one large grouse-moor, where English idiosyncrasies take suddenly to tweeds and mackintoshes, where Londoners patronise Highland Games and discover an interest in romantic legends. *Highland Fling* is a very good joke, and Miss Mitford a keen observer, but her technique is not quite up to the occasion. She is insufficiently detached from her victims, and has no very firm standpoint. She tends to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, whereas, to give her reader any sense of security, she should be watching the business from a neighbouring hill-top. In company with the

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æsthetes, she screams at the guns and mackintoshes, and then she turns and rends the æsthetes.

The City Keep is so badly printed that in parts it is painful to read. It is a dreary American story about a country schoolboy, sheltered, shy and strictly brought up, who goes to the nearest town as a newspaper reporter, and nearly loses his faith in God. The book contains a good deal of information about the mechanism of lino-type and the composition of a Methodist Sunday-school, also a mildly entertaining picture of the workings of a daily paper in a small American town. Nevertheless, *The City Keep* is a tiresome novel, written in a clumsy and undistinguished style. The very title is an irritating play upon words.

In *Brave Employments* Miss Bowen has collected all the elements for a popular Irish success. There are mists, twilights, fairies, and soft rain; ruined abbeys and descendants of Brian Boru, an aged dame with strange powers, an exquisite wolf-hound, a peerless hero and a spotless heroine. A fulsome and over-elaborate story, this, concerning James II.'s fruitless attempt upon Ireland, and, like most novels that cover a long sequence of important historical events, it tends to sprawl across the top of them. But Miss Bowen keeps the story moving, and fills it with adventures and surprises.

Two different frivolities are Mr. Richards' and Mr. Brophy's. Mr. Richards is still engagingly 'ninety-ish. Oppenheim and opopanax, even a whiff of patchouli linger in his world of expensive people; as the blurb says "to Monte Carlo, the Rooms, of course, and the Sporting"; and never does he hint at the ineffable boredom of those Rooms. I believe Mr. Richards could prove that Oxford bags or "plus fours" were as elegant as the costume of Beau Brummell. A pleasant, rapid book, *Vain Pursuit*. Mr. Brophy's manner is more modern, but his theme is as old as Voltaire, or Lucian or Dr. Richard Garnett. When the Achilles statue came to life, I knew we were in for much sophisticated fun, and Mr. Brophy does not disappoint us. I like his two insolently indolent young men, poet and scientist, especially the scientist who would be "very glad to see how Etonians are produced. They never look quite real to me." If Samuel Butler had collaborated with Ronald Firbank, one would have expected a result like *Thunderclap*.

PROTEUS.

GREAT GULLIVER

Swift. By CARL VAN DOREN. Secker. 10s. 6d.

What the dust-cover said is, of course, not evidence: yet, as the reader may possibly look at it first, and receive an impression from it, it bears sometimes a sort of shadowy relevance to what it encloses. "It is almost incredible," says the dust-cover of Mr. Van Doren's book, "that the new era in biography has not yet produced a book on Swift." Ominous words. Further, this book's "one aim is to set Swift in the light of something like the terrible truth which he poured upon the world. In such a light he for the first time becomes perfectly modern as well as profoundly moving."

The products of "the new era in biography" have belonged, for the most part, to two types. The first employs the method of approach gracefully termed "debunking." The second is distinguished by a concern, artlessly called scientific, to relate characteristics of an author's work to incidents in his private life. Mr. Van Doren is not guilty on the first count, and only part-guilty on the second. He is no debunker: he makes obeisance. Humility in approaching genius is a welcome virtue, particularly in a biography of "the new era"; but there are authors one must stand up to, and Swift is one of them. Mr. Van Doren does not stand up to him. He remains at a respectful distance, holding his hat in both hands, and explaining the great man to an audience as reverent as himself. The curious effect of this carefully-written and admirably documented work is to make Swift seem a mild and ill-advised man of business—this despite a very liberal allowance of quotations from his works and correspondence. Have we been mistaken in our man, we wonder: and then, with the fierce shock of reality, we come upon Swift's own epitaph, "Ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit." Mr. Van Doren (in effect) has stood too far off to feel the blaze, and has swaddled the lacerations in a bandage of industrious chronicle. The dust cover, while it imputed to him sins of which he has not been guilty, suggests one lack he could not supply. Mr. Van Doren is not a "new era" biographer: he is careful to give us facts, and leave doubtful conclusions to ourselves. He subscribes to no nonsense about "perfectly modern" (what in the wide earth was that supposed to mean?). The one thing we do miss is that "light . . . of terrible truth." To turn such a light upon Swift needs more insight and more detachment—I might almost say, less moral sense—than Mr. Van Doren can bring. Here is the Dean of St. Patrick's, gently illuminated in soft, steady light: which means, here is an excellent biography—of someone else.

The book has solid merits. Mr. Van Doren spares no pains to give us the real Swift, in fact and word. It must be through some misfortune of temperament that his facts seem unimpressive, and the words diluted. He leans a little, as we said, to the second school of "new era" biographers. For example, he is at pains to derive the voyage to the Houyhnhnms from Swift's ride through Southern Ireland after Vanessa's death, in the summer of 1723. Swift, he implies, would have contrasted his horse with the wretched creatures he passed on the roadside. This kind of attribution is always risky. In the case of a writer with Swift's imagination, it is insulting. Such men do not need to experience a thing physically in order to know it. Again, where Swift remarks that the female Yahoo who embraced Gulliver was not red-haired but "black as a sloe," Mr. Van Doren adds "or as Stella." It is not as simple as this. The experiences which colour great imaginations are not easily traced; and much of our "critical insight" is merely a reconciliation, in terms of our own mind, of circumstances we cannot understand. Even if Mr. Van Doren were right, he would have established nothing of value. The whole excellence of Gulliver is that, topical though most of it was in inspiration, it achieved an independent quality which has made it valuable to generations who know nothing of its secondary significance. Swift was a magnificent objective artist; and the pettier activities of his life were waste products of this passionate interest in circumstance and detail. (What a subject for research, by the way—the influence of Swift upon Irishmen of intellect!) Mr. Van Doren, it seems to me, has lost sight of the fact that he is dealing with a genius. On the question of Swift's misanthropy he has neglected to observe a simple fact, namely, that men of genius often attach a moral significance to their imagination. Able to imagine readily any form of human baseness, having only to look into their own mind for images of treason and meanness, they very often suppose that these faults are a part of their nature, and hate mankind because they have first learned to hate themselves. So, when Swift was found threatening his own reflection in the mirror, he had not come "at last" to hate himself, as Mr. Van Doren says: he had simply betrayed his secret. In the same way—another point missed—Swift was a man who needed to enlist in the service of a party, because it gave him a moral reason for being unscrupulous, and allowed him to use in party service the arts and shifts to which his wit was prone, but which his conscience would not have suffered him to use in his own behalf. He could angle for patronage with the best; but that touched pride, not conscience. Mr. Van Doren wonders at his concern about these temporal matters.

> Nothing about Swift was more extraordinary than his blindness to the part he played so well (i.e., his successes) while he was failing in the one on which he had fixed his desire.

But, surely, it is the merest commonplace that we do not value what we accomplish easily, and would always rather be acclaimed for our secondary talents?

Mr. Van Doren has his happy phrases, and sees some things with admirable clearness. Swift's early predicament he puts with force and neatness: "As a Swift he could not dig. As Jonathan Swift he could not beg." He comments shrewdly on the Varina episode: he is excellent on Addison, and he brings out more clearly than any other biographer with what reason the Whigs, when in power, sought to keep this inconveniently gifted man out of their preserves. Of Vanessa he says, catching the idiom of the period: "He had an impulse to regulate her mind, but not to possess her person." And, far better, "Swift, having made the blunder of undertaking to meet love with kindness, could never undo it." On the other hand, he is often far from happy in his commentary. Upon the famous envelope, with its words "Only a woman's hair," he observes "A giant's sentimentality and a devil's contempt for it." He has, too, a pretty turn for platitude: "Fortune prefers to turn its wheel to the advantage of men with the talent for success, but now and then the geniuses, uncompromising, wilful, audacious, swing upward in the sun." We are not carried much further by speculations of this type:

> To make the story as complete as a farce, the clergyman in question

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may have been that Junior Dean of Trinity College before whom . . . Swift . . . may have had to beg pardon for being contemptuous and contumacious.

Some of his epigrams are unintentionally funny: "He was caged in Ireland, with nothing to do but pace his cage." No man without a pictorial sense should attempt Swift.

Upon the themes of Stella and Vanessa Mr. Van Doren will not commit himself. Are they so puzzling, after all? Is the phenomenon of the man who repels advances, but will not suffer retreat, so very uncommon—especially the man with a conscience, and an official whetstone to keep it keen? I commend to Mr. Van Doren's attention a sentence in one of the Laracor letters, and an even closer study of Swift's later poems on love. I suggest also, for general enlightenment, that he look closely into Swift's discussion of his own ordination; and that he study the couplet:

> And since thy essence on my breath depends
> Thus with a breath the whole delusion ends.

He has written a loving and painstaking book—though the care has not gone as far as the proof sheets ("bus" for "but" is unsettling), but I do not feel that after reading it we know any more about Swift than we knew before, and I feel that to a reader meeting Swift for the first time, its curious and doubtless unintentional mildness of tone might be misleading.

> . . . To die in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.

> Herein a proof of Irish sense
> And Irish wit is seen.
> When nothing's left that's worth defence
> They build a magazine.

The man who wrote such things, and suffered their occasions, makes but veiled appearance in these careful pages.

L. A. G. STRONG.

FORTY YEARS AFTER

Parnell Vindicated. By CAPT. HARRISON. Constable. 17s.

Captain Harrison must be one of the last of the Parnellites. He was a stripling from Balliol College when he entered Irish politics in 1890. Within a year the bombshell of the O'Shea divorce case had wrecked the Irish national movement, and Parnell himself was dead. The tragedy, public and private, of Parnell's end, provided Captain Harrison, he tells us, with an emotional experience the like of which he was never again to know, even as a volunteer in the Great War. In the stress he offered his help to the stricken house at Brighton where lived O'Shea's divorced wife, now Parnell's widow, with her eldest daughter, Norah O'Shea, and Parnell's own daughters. His offer was accepted, and he came to reside at Walsingham Terrace, as a sort of lay-adviser, and one sorely needed, for Mrs. Parnell, utterly friendless, as it seemed, was threatened by O'Shea with the loss of Parnell's two children, and from the side of her own family, with a lawsuit which might leave her penniless. She was very frank; Captain Harrison was set on the track of many new and complicated facts; and it was even mooted that he should write an authorised biography in which Parnell in his relation with O'Shea—a relation which in the undefended Divorce Court proceedings had seemed mean and discreditable—would be vindicated.

No authorised biography of Parnell has ever appeared. Parnellism as an Irish policy has been vindicated a score of times; but the historians, with the exception of Mr. St. John Ervine, excluded the love-affair. On the other hand, Mrs. O'Shea's book, which appeared in 1914, was deficient in knowledge of, and sympathy with, Parnell's Irish interests and career. It described very fully the love-story and the parliamentary intrigue attached thereto; but in these respects, Mrs. O'Shea vindicated the private character of O'Shea rather than that of Parnell. So at least Captain Harrison contends, and he holds that O'Shea's son had a hand in the making of a book, which as regards Parnell's honour was as "evil in its aim" as the Piggott forgeries. Thus the pronouncements of the Judge of the Divorce Court in the undefended suit, remained "apparently immovable and permanent": pronouncements which pictured Parnell as deceiving O'Shea and violating a friend's hospitality. Yet Parnell had told his followers that "if the case is ever gone into (a matter which is exceedingly doubtful), rest assured that the dishonour and discredit have not been on my side."

Captain Harrison has gone very fully into the "case." He has ransacked all the diaries and memoirs of Parnell's contemporaries, all the newspaper files, and an immense amount of law-papers; with these and his memory of Katherine O'Shea's early confidences as data of his inquiry he has assured himself that "no fugitive deceits" were practised. Much that was presented by the petitioner at the trial has already been discredited; such as the evidently absurd story, meant to degrade Parnell to a figure of ridicule, of the fire-escape at Eltham. But Captain Harrison will not wholly convey his own assurance to his readers, some of whom may think that if Parnell is finally vindicated it is at Mrs. O'Shea's expense (an outcome that would have horrified Parnell), others that nothing is really gained by proving that O'Shea, having connived, was not deceived (an opinion expressed by Mr. Ervine, which horrifies Captain Harrison). Still, the truth about a matter which ruined "one of the three or four men of the Century" (so Lord Asquith described Parnell), is surely worth seeking. And the story of this triangular relationship with its political and financial ramifications—Captain O'Shea had parliamentary ambitions and was chronically hard up—is itself an astonishing one. The importance of the money factor is now revealed for the first time. Parnell did literally feel that the world was "well-lost for love"; but Mrs. O'Shea was forced out of regard for the intentions of her Aunt Ben who possessed £144,000, to "keep up appearances." It was only as soon as Aunt Ben died, leaving her fortune absolutely to the favourite niece, that O'Shea instituted divorce proceedings. The liaison had then been in existence for nearly ten years. Captain Harrison's explanation of the coincidence is not an innuendo but explicit assertion. Once Mrs. O'Shea's name had been "mentioned," Parnell insisted that his union with her should be legalised; he would consent to nothing which would prevent a divorce from taking place, and therefore would not plead connivance. But counter-charges had been prepared against O'Shea and might have gone undefended, if £20,000 could have been found. £20,000 would have changed the course of Irish history. It could not be found because the rich aunt's will was being disputed by Mrs. O'Shea's relatives, the Woods. Parnell's own resources were locked up in Irish land, which as a consequence of his own political policy, was heavily depreciated in value.

Captain Harrison surely tries to prove too much. If, as he

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My FIFTH'S return was told of in a Dell.
My SIXTH and LAST are as Sam Weller stated
When he doubted if the clerk knew how to spell.
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elsewhere argues, O'Shea had behind him the whole weight of the Chamberlain influence, and had also a spite against Parnell, £20,000 would hardly have counted with him. Again, Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea "loved greatly"; nevertheless, Parnell was, as the Irish said at the time, a victim of the O'Shea's, who were enemies of the Irish cause, and in that sense his political integrity (this, and not his private character was the proper concern of his countrymen) had been compromised by the love-affair. From her astounding confidences to Captain Harrison, it appears that Mrs. O'Shea, after she had ceased to live with her husband, still helped him on with his career. It was as part of this "system" that he first met Parnell. Why, too, does Captain Harrison suppose that there are only two solutions of his voluminous data; either connivance, or ignorance? It is certain that Captain O'Shea knew of the liaison. But it does not follow that he was not deceived, and still less, that he connived. He may have deceived himself. This explanation would account for his sudden change of attitude after the publication of the terms of the £144,000 Will. He would then have no longer had the wish to deceive himself. The problem raised by Captain Harrison attracts attention on its own merits, apart from the historic figure, and the historic events, with which it is connected. To these last Captain Harrison does full justice; and he gives, too, a moving account of Mrs. O'Shea's end. Nothing obvious was spared her by fate; trustees absconded, she lost her fortune and lived for another thirty years, comforted by the delusion that her dead lover was drawing her "out of the black waves;" cared for by her eldest daughter, Norah O'Shea, whose part informs a drama of otherwise elemental passion with so singular a moral beauty.

ABOUT RUSSIA

Russia at Random. By OWEN TWEEDY. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.
These Russians. By WILLIAM C. WHITE. Scribners. 10s. 6d.
The Economic Life of Soviet Russia. By CALVIN B. HOOVER, Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

It is a strange commentary on the attitude in this country towards Soviet Russia that Captain Tweedy's book should have found a publisher. Braver than many of his fellow-passengers, Captain Tweedy, with eyes of wonder but a resolutely open mind, embarked from a British liner at Leningrad for a three days' conducted tour, including twelve crowded hours in Moscow. The book is the record of what he saw and heard. Captain Tweedy has a charming touch and a witty, conversational style, which runs too lightly to bore the shallowest listener; and he is surprisingly little encumbered with ordinary public school prejudices, save for a tendency to sentimentalise over crowned heads and purple sunsets. Taken lightly, the book makes pleasant enough reading. But one must not go to it for serious information: on anything deeper than his three-day excursion the author is admittedly naive. It is strange to hear that there are no taxi-cabs in Leningrad or that the Winter Palace is being whitewashed (he must have seen it at a very preliminary stage of repainting), and to see a photograph of the Lenin Institute labelled the Lenin University. It is extremely doubtful whether Lenin's simplicity of life was at all "studied"; and some of the figures given are "out" by a nought or two.

Mr. White lived recently for two and a half years in Russia, and gives us seventeen personal pen-pictures of various types which constitute Soviet life to-day. We are given intimate and revealing portraits of a professor, a priest, an engineer, a village doctor and a village judge and an ex-Colonel of the Tsar's Horse Guards at Poltava; and so on. The result is an illuminating piece of journalistic reporting. Mr. White selects and he frames, but he comments hardly at all; a large part of the book is a record, simply, of conversations. It is less revealing than Maurice Hindus' *Broken Earth*, which seems to get closer to the people and the situation described; and it lacks that deft, impressionistic brilliance of Negly Farson's *Seeing Red*. But the author manages to convey (at times with surprising success) much of the genuine atmosphere of present-day Russia. Gloom and pathos, perhaps, bulk larger than they need, and the energy and optimism of the new Russia too little, since in the author's selection of types the pariah class known as "former people" has pride of place, and he clearly draws these with greater feeling and understanding. The book, however, gives one a surer vision of the real forces at work, and of their rich complexity, than do most pretentious economic tomes. The author has seen below the surface of mere "impressions"; and the pictures he gives us range from city to village, from Perm, in the north, to mountain inns in Daghestan. The fascination of reading it is not of an ordinary kind; and the story is enlivened by a number of those anecdotes in which Russian wit is so fertile, such as that of the peasant woman who saw a camel for the first time and said: "Just see what those damned Bolsheviks are doing to horses!"

Prof. Calvin Hoover is an American economist who spent a year of research in the U.S.S.R. He has given us an informative survey—one of the most useful that have appeared—of the economic system of the Soviet Union, based on a first-hand study of Russian material. He commences with a very useful description of the system of State administration of industry, including the important changes in the relation between the trusts and syndicates and the superior planning organs which took place with the introduction of the Five-Year Plan. He proceeds to describe the organisation of State and co-operative trade, the banking system and the recent changes in agriculture. He outlines the figures and the sources of capital investment, the provisions of the Five-Year Plan and the conditions of labour and of social insurance. Here there is a wealth of trustworthy information.

The value of the book lies essentially in its descriptive character. But it contributes little that is important in the way of generalisation or of interpretation. On this side the book is disappointingly arid. A certain pedagogical attitude of mind seems to make him cautious of definite judgments; and his conclusions "sit on the fence" too much to be either very helpful or very stimulating. When he attempts to interpret an official policy—for instance, Stalin's letter of March, 1930—he seems largely to be relying on guesswork about motives; and he is inclined to mix personal impressions and "attitudes" a trifle too recklessly with statistical information. In parts the book lacks form both in style and treatment, and at times is inclined to be shoddy.

These faults make the work disappointing, but do not detract from its considerable value as a source of information. One conclusion of the author has particular interest. He points out that many observers in the past have been willing to regard Communism as ethically desirable, but have assumed that economically it will not "work." Prof. Hoover suggests the opposite view—that "the subjective values of Communism"

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For the benefit of that large section of the public which finds itself bewildered by business language, the Westminster Bank issues from time to time simply worded explanations of various ways in which it is able and glad to be of use to its customers. Amongst its publications are the following: ¶ *Points before Travelling*, notes on the Protection of Travellers from Loss. ¶ *Thirty-nine Advantages* of an Account with the Bank. ¶ *The Saving Habit*, an outline of the Home Safe system. ¶ *Safeguards for Travellers*, a warning against carrying foreign notes. ¶ *Securities*, their Custody and Supervision. ¶ *Wills, Trusts, and Settlements*, the Bank as an Executor

Copies may be had on asking at almost any branch, or by addressing a postcard to the Secretary, Westminster Bank Limited

41 LOTHBURY, LONDON, E.C.2

SLICK!

Last October Mr. B. wrote us from West Africa to say that he would be coming to England in February, but would only have ten days in this country. He had read our advertisements and might want us to make an overcoat, possibly some lounge suits too. We replied that ten days, in the circumstances, would be more than sufficient.

Mr. B. duly arrived one Wednesday afternoon in February, but opened by telling us that he would be sailing at 8 a.m. on the following Saturday! Was it at all possible to make an overcoat in that short time? We thought that it was.

Mr. B. then rather hesitatingly wondered whether a lounge suit could be added to his order and, Goss proving equal to that, he boldly suggested a sports suit also.

The next afternoon (Thursday) saw Mr. B.'s overcoat and two suits fitted, also two pairs of white trousers added to his order. On Friday evening all the clothes were delivered and from the boat Mr. B. sent us the following letter:

"*I take this opportunity to express my gratitude to you for the excellent work which you accomplished in the space of three days. The production of an overcoat, two suits and two pairs of trousers, in that short time and all made to fit perfectly is something to be proud of, and I shall not hesitate to recommend your work to others. Your choice of types and patterns of cloths is most generous; the material is of a fine and most serviceable quality; and the workmanship, in spite of it being a rush order, leaves nothing to be desired.*

"*If this letter of mine will assist to convince others that they are sure to get satisfaction from you I have no objection if you wish to use it for that purpose.*"

The Gosses are normal men and like to snatch a few hours' sleep between their working days, but they will not mind if the case of Mr. B. is taken as a precedent by other customers in comparable circumstances.

Goss's modest first floor premises and slight overheads, also their practice of asking all customers to pay cash on completion of order, make possible very reasonable charges for a standard of tailoring equal to any obtainable in London. Charges range from 7 to 10 guineas for a lounge suit or overcoat; 9 to 12 guineas for a dinner suit.

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June 13th—13 days.
To Ulvik, Eidfjord, Trondhjem, Aandalsnaes, Molde, Oie, Hellesylt, Merok, Olden, Loen, Balholm, Gudvangen, Bergen.

TO THE NORWEGIAN FJORDS.
June 27th—13 days.
To Balholm, Gudvangen, Bergen, Eidfjord, Ulvik, Oslo, Arendal, Christiansand, Copenhagen, Gothenberg.

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may be "inferior to those of bourgeois civilization," while economically it may prove successful. "It must be recorded," he writes, "that although the Soviet civilization is farther removed from the Utopia of the philosophers than is the civilization of Capitalism, the Soviet system nevertheless has possibilities of economic success great enough to constitute a menace to the future of Capitalism." This view is sufficiently novel to attract attention; and it is a view of Russia which may come to be increasingly held in the Capitalist West.

MR. BELLOC'S ESSAYS

Conversation With a Cat, and Others. By HILAIRE BELLOC. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Belloc is the most argumentative, downright, perversely bluff and unfashionable of living essayists. He writes in praise of the "divine bottle" and old horse-buses in terms which with any other writer would be merely maudlin; he invokes "the noble profession of arms" because he likes old battles and uniforms and dislikes modern peace conferences; his satire, except where it is concerned with fundamental human nature, goes bumping about like a comic horse in a pantomime. And yet how good an essayist he is. He has achieved a prose style which is simple, firm and adaptable, and never too overweighted for its subject, each sentence seeming to fit into its place in the paragraph like a well-set chair in a drawing-room. There they stand four-square and essentially useful. Whatever one may think of the twirls and knobs of Mr. Belloc's mind, his "attitude" towards a world which he would rather see as a mixture of the eighteenth century and the Middle Ages, there can be only one opinion about a prose from which all extra ornament and affectation have been rubbed away. He deserves better of anthologists and critics of prose style who complain that all sense of glory has gone out of modern literature. They would find in his books a plainness of statement and a level of good writing which raise him above his delightfully bubbling contemporaries. He can be impressive or playful without obviously changing masks. One essay in the present volume, "The Study of a Mule," shows him at his best in both moods. He describes with comic affection a mule which carried him zigzagging up a path in the Apennines. The landscape widened and fell away, till in the late afternoon they reached the top:

> We came upon the summit to a grove inhabited by the gods. I believe my mule knew well that the gods were there; inferior local gods, honest gods of the hills. I am sure that he was in communion with the spirits of the place and that they did not fill him with the novelty of emotion wherewith I was filled. For as for me, there was glory all around. The slanting sun, falling into the Mediterranean far away, had cast a very wide spell over all the leagues of highland. The colours were changing, and those things which men seek or imitate in the furniture of their lives (crimson and amethyst and gold and the translucence of thin airs and gems) were called up by the creative light throughout all the circle of that tumbled, but majestic horizon. It was as though the Italian mountains had put on a festival garment for the approaching evening. But my mule cared for none of these things. He began his downward way.

Mr. Belloc, no doubt, has many readers who read him for these pictures alone. He has an extraordinary sense of landscape, a sense at once poetic, religious, historical and even geological. It has moved him to write many of his best passages. By comparison his sentimental eulogies on opening an old bottle of Burgundy or dismantling an old boat seem false and artificial. *Conversation with a Cat* has less than the usual proportion of travel pieces, and one cannot help wishing there were more. As it is, the book has all the variety of Mr. Belloc's best work.

DIVERSIONS OF AN ECONOMIST

Youth and Power. By C. R. FAY. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

This book is described by its author as "The Diversions of an Economist." Lest any unwary reader should leap to the conclusion that he will find here some economic counterpart to Lewis Carroll's mathematical skits, it should be made plain at once that these papers are diversions only in the sense that Mr. Fay is writing about issues that interest him, and has ventured, at times, outside the province of pure economics. We begin with a penetrating analysis of "The Outlook of Youth," with a digression on the immortality of the soul, and pass to a study of the chief types of power in the modern world—the political autocrat, the labour union, and international finance. "Adam Smith and Foreign Trade" brings us back to economics; but in "Consumption, Machinery, and Employment," the theoretical economist is pulled up at every turn by the student of social values. Studies of public ownership, as exemplified in the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario, and of emigration and Empire settlement, lead us up to "The Psychology of Social Revolt," and with the Appendix we throw back to the political philosophy of Machiavelli.

Behind this apparent confusion is a very definite standpoint which gives unity to the diversions. "Here," Mr. Fay says in effect, "we have a world equipped with a marvellous machinery for the production and distribution of material wealth, which has somehow or other failed to provide a satisfactory standard of life for millions of its inhabitants, and which, even to the extent that it has improved material conditions, has done so at the cost of destroying the beauty and interest of life. A great war has shaken us up, to the extent of realising vaguely that something is wrong. What are we going to do about it? In creating power we have failed to control it; will the next generation be able to control it? And to what end?" He gives no definite answer to his questions. He would like, to borrow a phrase from the youth he addresses, a spot of Socialism—public control of public utilities; but we must handle capitalism very gingerly, or the machine will fall down on us. He hankers, if we are not mistaken, after small holdings and craft industries; but mass production is too strong for him. He thinks Great Britain needs a tariff; but it must be a very little one. He sees our immediate problems as mainly economic; yet he is haunted by the conviction that the things of the spirit are what really matter.

Many people will find their own answers to Mr. Fay's questions. His perplexities are common to most of us in this perplexed world; only we do not formulate them so frankly. His certainties cannot too often be re-stated; the certainty that economic cause and effect will have their course in defiance of all shibboleths, and the certainty that economics themselves must find their justification in the service of the humanities. It is not a small thing to find a Professor of Economics who can describe with playful humour his experiments with "little Pete" (International Petroleum), who illustrates his arguments from *Alice in Wonderland* and *Diana of the Crossways*, and who sums up his creed as "to fight for innocence against the blind cruelties of mankind."

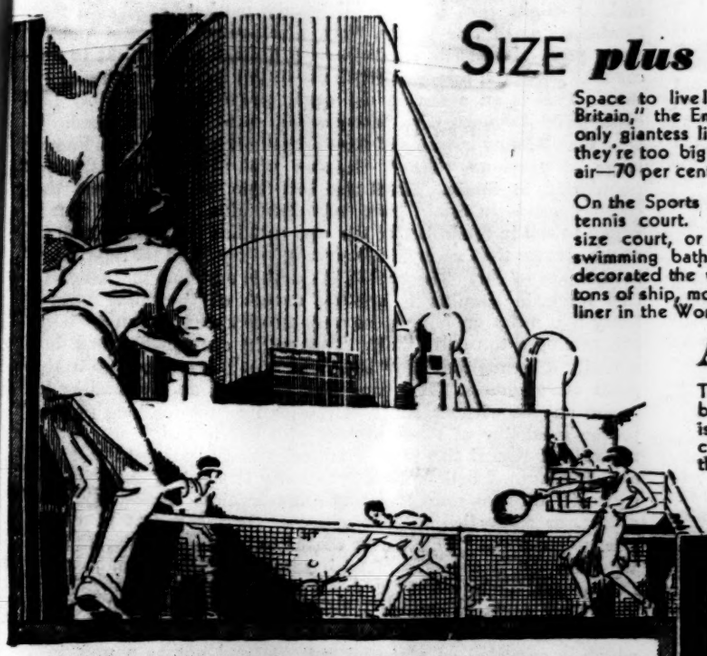
SHORTER NOTICES

Sphinx. By FLORENCE CONVERSE. Dent. 7s. 6d.

It is a curious fact that while, in real life, the paper-weight is usually a heavy and uninspiring object both to the eyes and as a topic of conversation, in books it invariably exercises if not miraculous properties, then an amazing magnetism, while conversationally it causes incredible flights of lyric imagination. We have had Gautier's *Roman de la momie*; now we have Florence Converse's *Sphinx*. For those who can believe in the attraction which the writer assures us this paper-weight in the form of a gold sphinx held for all who saw it, there will be no more difficulties, and they will, no doubt, enjoy this story, in which the publishers tell us mystery, terror, beauty, and hidden depths are to be found. But for the sceptical reader who dismisses, unmoved, the indiscreet, disturbing smile of the sphinx, the book will lack body. It is pleasant and amusing enough to while away an hour or so with the American tourists who are charming, vivacious and full of information: but the unity between light humour and hidden depths is a very difficult one to achieve, and Miss Converse is not quite successful in uniting Mr. Petersen in his "snug knickers of fawn-coloured jersey" with the Secret of Life—they are still two elements, not one.

An Oxford Portrait Gallery. By JANET E. COURTNEY. Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.

The portraits in Mrs. W. L. Courtney's gallery have been picked out from a remembered background of Oxford in the 'eighties. But they are no mere frieze of figures sketched in a single attitude. Each one is a portrait in the round, and in the tracing out of each career the University is soon left behind. Here we see D. G. Hogarth, drawn with a sister's sensitive discernment, working at archæology in the Near East, and gaining the experience which proved so valuable in wartime. Unfortunately, though Mrs. Courtney gives extracts from his earlier diaries, his precise part in the Arab movement remains untold, owing partly to his own reticence, and partly to official secrecy. It is thus, too, with the picture of Gertrude Bell; Mrs. Courtney has no important new material, but adds vivid, intimate and friendly touches which make that ever-fascinating figure leap into vitality. Her animation, her immense capacity for sport and study, her care in dress, her "disconcerting honesty of speech" ("I fear I don't quite agree with your view of Charles I.," she told her tutor)—all these are features



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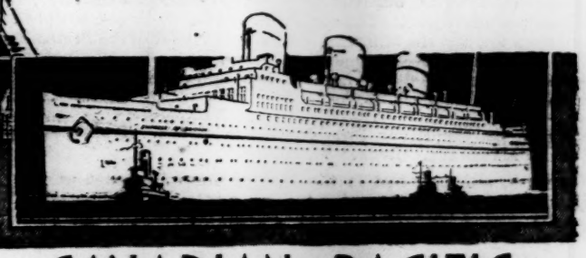

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of her student days; for the Oxford background is especially bright here. There were few enough University women in the 'eighties; but the small band of them, including the author herself and Gertrude Bell, was enterprising and not to be deterred from taking Firsts. One of Mrs. Courtney's happiest portraits is the final group of Oxford Ladies, with its sketches of excursions made in chairs to Liberty-dressed and sternly chaperoned parties, and its tribute to Dame Elizabeth Wordsworth, the first Principal of Lady Margaret Hall. This is a clear and lovingly wrought picture; one can only wish the author had seen fit to paint herself in it, and so supplement those oblique glimpses of her in the portraits of her brother at Oxford and of Hugh Chisholm editing the Encyclopædia Britannica with herself as a member of his staff.

Tumult in the North. By GEORGE PREEDY. Lane. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Preedy's new novel, which deals with events in Cumberland and Northumberland in 1715, has all the careful accuracy of historical detail and dramatic heightening of effect which marked his two previous stories. It is, perhaps, rather more straightforward than either of them and shows a tendency to return to the manner of Miss Marjorie Bowen, of whom it is to be hoped that Mr. Preedy is not ashamed. Miss Bowen may certainly be proud of Mr. Preedy, for *Tumult in the North* shows no falling off from the standard set by *General Crack* and maintained by *The Rocklitz* and *Bagatelle*; it will not be to the taste of those who like their fiction unflavoured by a conscious, occasionally too conscious, romance, but it is deserving of praise as a cleverly concocted dish of adventure. The main theme of the story consists of the preparations for, and the failure of, the rising in favour of the Pretender, and its effect on the lives of some half-dozen persons. The author's methods of portraying both character and scenery provide plenty of excitement of a simple kind.

The Farm on the River Po. By MARIO BORSA. Translated by L. E. MARSHALL. Benn. 7s. 6d.

This work, although cast in the form of a novel, cannot properly be so described; it stands on the borderline between fiction and autobiography, and, it may be surmised, inclines most of the time to the side of history rather than to that of invention. The significance of Giovanni's boyhood on the farm, his youth in the town, his manhood spent in travel as a newspaper correspondent, and his ultimate return to the farm with his son, is felt deeply by the author, who generally succeeds in conveying his emotion to the reader. Dr. Borsa also writes with insight of the transition from Socialism to Fascism in Italy and of the impression made on a young Italian by London and the English, while the same sympathetic understanding makes the minor characters in the story completely successful. *The Farm on the River Po* deserves to be as popular in England as it was when first published in Rome; but lapses in the translation, such as "female peasants" for "peasant women," should have been avoided.

Letters to Schoolmasters. By F. W. FELKIN, M.A. With a Foreword by J. M. PATON, M.A. Sheldon Press. 4s. 6d.

Here is a book full of good stuff for all who are interested in schools and schoolboys and schoolmasters. Mr. Felkin has retired after a lifetime of teaching in various public schools; he is a man of learning, of many interests and broad humanity. He has also the defects of his qualities. He is very schoolmasterish in certain typical ways—rather conservative, strong in his prejudices and predilections, disposed to dogmatism, and quite undisposed to any false modesty. But perhaps all this, or much of it, is artfully exaggerated. He puts his views in the form of letters to a number of selected specimens: the headmaster, the inspector, the teachers of classics, mathematics, English, and of practically every subject in the curriculum except science—which, with bold heresy, he declares, ought not to be in the school curriculum. Each one he lectures or advises how to do his job. Some of them may smile, and some may snort; but most will read on to the end, for Mr. Felkin has had a large experience, and if he does not understand quite as much of other people's business as these letters suggest, he does understand a good deal. Moreover, he writes well, and he knows how to charm as well as irritate. We commend the book to professionals and laymen alike.

About Motoring

THE STAR SALOON

THE "Star" has never been a mass-produced car. For some thirty-five years it has been carefully made from first-class material by skilled men working to good designs. In the early days of motoring the Automobile Club needed a car on which its innumerable novice members might learn to drive. Its engineers selected a 7 h.-p. "Star" from all competitors, and serving the club well, it founded a reputation for honesty which it has not since imperilled.

The current "Comet" saloon is barely distinguishable on paper from a dozen or so of very similar cars, all rated at 18 h.-p. or so, listed at £500, and capable of between sixty and seventy miles an hour at stretch on top gear. It is as good-looking as any of its rivals, but is not so devastatingly more handsome than the ruck as might earn it a special beauty market, such as a few combinations of line snatch from a somewhat ignorant public every year. Its merits are distinctive, though not evident to the casual. First and foremost, it is a car to buy for prolonged ownership. This is an assertion not easily proved, and possibly incapable of demonstration where a new model is concerned. I base the claim on two sets of facts: the first is an intimate knowledge of previous "Star" chassis; and the second is their popularity in Spain. Until the last two or three years the country roads in Spain have been execrable, but the "Star" began to sell in Spain before the war, and has behaved so well in rough service that no rival has ever quite equalled its reputation in this size of car. The chassis is durable and tough. Allied to this intrinsic stamina is another aspect of the same virtue. Sixty-five miles an hour is no very fierce speed for an 18 h.-p. car, scaling a ton and a-half. That might spell inefficiency, but actually it means that the "Star" has not been hotted up to the point of roughness. It is smooth and silent, and, obtaining its power output without effort, it retains its tune for long periods to the great joy of those owners who loathe tinkering. Theoretically, I regard these small factories and small outputs as an anachronism. I believe that eventually the last of them will be squeezed off the market by the better class mass-production plants, or compelled to join mergers. But it would be a real grief to me if the "Star" ever ceased to be built, or lost its individuality by a *mésalliance* with some less reputable concern. Fortunately there is not the faintest sign of such a catastrophe. For many years yet we shall be able to walk into at least one factory, be treated as individuals, buy a medium priced car which is regarded as a special creation and not as a unit in a stream, and be greeted by name if we ever choose to return.

The other feature of the car which deserves special attention is its unique equipment. Superficial observers of motoring may be incredulous if I say that a properly equipped motorcar is a great rarity. Sir William Morris once conceived the idea of snatching sales from his most dangerous rivals by offering a very lavish equipment with his small cars. They followed suit, and it became evident that this false emphasis on equipment was leading to absurdities. It looked as though within a few years it might be impossible to sell a car devoid of a cocktail bar and powder puffs. Then the pendulum swung back. The cheap car is normally provided with most of those essentials which can be described as compulsory—safety glass, fenders, and the like. But economy prevents its being given a full equipment. The cars at £500 or over ought to carry all the accessories which make for real convenience and comfort; and in America they sometimes approach this ideal. But here in England it is rare to find a staff with imagination on the minor aspects. And if one of the staff suggests the perfect equipment, somebody on the financial side retorts: "Very nice, my dear fellow, but equipment isn't going to *sell* cars for us; and your specification would add £5 to the cost per car." So they axe off a dozen items which a fastidious owner may feel compelled to buy later on; and not being designed for the car every item forms a separate excrescence. Now the Star "Comet" is definitely sold as a completely equipped car. It has a telescopic jack behind each wheel, all conveniently operated from a single socket on the running board with a selector dial: thus, the brakes are easily kept in perfect adjustment, and the owner does not get soiled when a tyre punctures. There is a reversing light. The signalling window is the best on the road. The sun vizor is adjustable. Each window has a hooded louvre, so that ventilation is not inseparably associated with draughts. A useful fog lamp is mounted low down in front, and properly controlled. The screenwiper is duplex. All lamp controls are at the hub of the steering wheel. It would be possible to devote all my space to extending this catalogue; and I cannot think of any gadget which the most experienced owner would wish to add unless he contemplated a foreign tour, when signalling apparatus and a second tail lamp on the near side would become desirable. There is only one spare wheel, it is true; but few buyers seem to share my personal passion for a pair.

In fundamentals the car is sound, and more than sound, throughout. Steering is excellent. The suspension is better than normal. The transmission embodies a four-speed box with a silent third gear and admirably plotted ratios. The coachwork is luxurious. The fuel consumption averages just under twenty miles to the gallon. There are no oil leaks, and carbonisation on all "Star" cars is slow. The brakes do not call for effort, and display ample stopping power. I do not think the market offers better value in this class.

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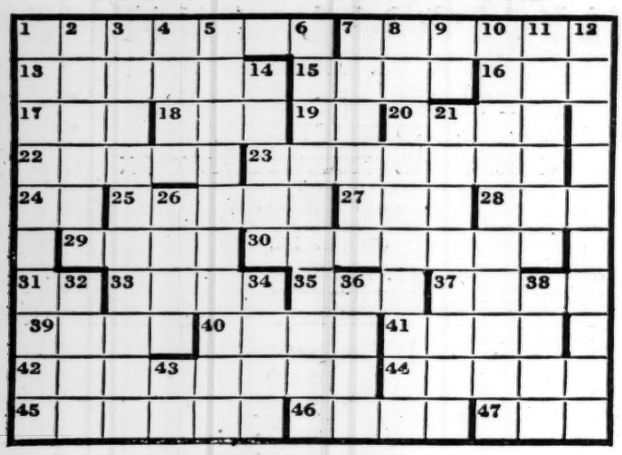
PLAYTIME

BY CALIBAN.

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



PAUL THE FIRST

The clues are italicised

ACROSS.

SCENE I.

(Paul I, Pahlen, Anastasia, a Fool, etc.)

Paul I : 1. Our *mouths* are full o' the taste *o' plants ;* perchance
7. We are disordered by *that growth whose name Hints at resemblance.*
Anas. : (13). *Despot* though you be,
15. Your *status* high, (16) your *wrath* a thing to fear,
17. We *are backward* still in thanking you for this.
Pahlen : 18. Disorder ? Though the *Caspian* itself *Disordered* were—
Anas. : 19. A *copper* for your thoughts !
Fool : 20. There are *three* lovely spires *in Nuremberg* Rising to heaven.
Pahlen : (22). How he *prates*, the clown !
23. *Retrace your furrows ;* (24) lest your *finish* prove *Unfinished ;* (25) and your liberties *enclosed,*
27. Your countenance for evermore *concealed.*
Paul I : 28. *Within the keynote* of my thoughts lies this :
29. The dream of a *reverse itself reversed,*
30. Which means that I must *set the scene again.*
31. And *he who does not drink* to my success,
33. Who will not *hasten*—to *reverse a wrong*—
35. Is not, *in France* or elsewhere, *friend* of mine.
Pahlen : 37. *I have left Elsie.* Her affairs and ours
39. Are severed ; but *not few* to-day *come back,*
40. Unmindful of your *type.*
Anas. : How *magpie-like !*
41. *Confused conservative, retreating novice,* What shall I call you ?
Paul I : (42). Bring a *mighty cask*
44. Of wine ; *turn back* once more *the fattened cock ;*
45. We'll celebrate our *springtide festival.*
Pahlen : 46. Come to *your shelter, fledglings ;* gather round ;
47. The flutes shall play, our toes shall *scrape the ground.*
(*Exeunt.*)

DOWN

SCENE II.

(Paul I, Pahlen, Conspirators, Ghost of Ivan the Terrible.)

Pahlen : 1. Our vows, my liege, we *make unchangeable ;*
2. *Half insect, wholly despot,* that you are !
1st Consp. :
3. Nor shall you treat us still as *anthropoids.*
4. The *pole that we have nailed our colours to*
5. Stands. *Nature's order* is *inverted* now.
Paul I : 6. *Somewhat below the bishop* he shall rank
7. Who *cachinnates* in my vicinity ;
8. Then let him note, among his *truths perceived,*
9. That I have taken *half* his *luck* away.
2nd Consp. :
10. Your *character* is scarce *held sacred,* Sir,
11. Since you have turned the *whole* court *upside-down*
12. With your infernal *inconsiderateness.*
Paul I : 14. What have you made of me ? A *muddled ox,*
21. *Who fights with bulls* could, *standing on his head,* O'erthrow me—
Pahlen : (26). See, he'll *wander in a maze,*
32. As when his *father's sister* was *o'erturned ;*
34. That was a *row !*
Ghost : (36) Out, creatures, *horsehair*-stuffed !
38. *O'erthrow* the fruits of *what you sowed when young.*
[Paul I is attacked, and dies.]
Pahlen : 43. *Our act had no beginning ; mark its close !*
Like Paul, we now must " peter," I suppose.
More strange each week this Crossword business grows.
(*Exeunt.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY STEPHANO.

PUZZLED (*Clapham*).—Our problem is one of *space.* We are hoping to give a series of acrostics shortly, but have not yet decided how best we can fit them in. In the meantime, we are printing one for you this week.

MURIEL (*N.W.* 2).—Sorryy ou find our Crosswords difficult. This week's effort will probably please you better. The reference books we use are the *New English Dictionary, Bradshaw,* the *Stock Exchange Year Book* and the *Bad Child's Book of Beasts.*

LADY GOWER-BLIMEGH.—So sorry you were blackballed for the Setebos. It has never happened to anyone before. So I suppose, in a way, it constitutes a distinction ?

PINDAR (*Hampstead*) AND OTHERS.—We should greatly like to give you more of Miranda's adventures at the Bridge-table. Unfortunately the recounting of them takes more space than we have lately been able to afford. This problem (like those of Acrostics, Competitions, etc.) is receiving the attention of a special committee.

H. W. (*Sutton*).—You ask : " Is Miranda dark or fair ? " She has been both in her time.

HUNDREDS (*Crewe*).—Sorry you find our Crosswords too easy. This week's effort will probably please you better. Our only reference book is *Mrs. Beaton.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

BY ALONSO.

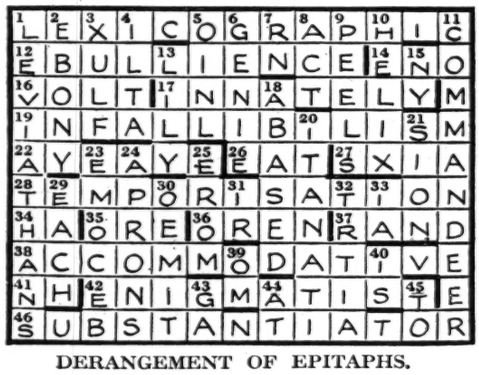
UPRIGHTS.

The statesman—may we not surmise ?—
Is happy in his new allies.

LIGHTS.

1 A fur ? Say I, in jocund mood,
The name's suggestive more of food.
2. 'Twas here, at last, land came in view ;
They walked the gangway, two by two.
3. It must be nonsense, since you choose
So large a gathering to confuse.
4. Lean, but not hungry. Nay, don't frown—
Just take a pen and write it down.
5. " On, Stanley, on." What made them cry ?
—'Cause 'twasn't Stanley—it was I !
6. " Ah, what a fall was there "—you know,
They might say that at Buffalo.
7. Fraternal love, we're told, shall dawn ;
Or is it—nothing but a yawn ?
8. Fought for a crown—and—what i worse—
Has met with a severe reverse.
9. The whiles of Cæsar, I suppose ;
Or else a flattening of the nose.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



DERANGEMENT OF EPITAPHS.

EXAMINATION

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Regulations and particulars, together with the forms on which applications must be made, will be sent in response to requests (preferably by postcard), addressed to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W. 1, *giving the title of the situation.* The latest date for the receipt of application forms is June 4th, 1931.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

MR. KREUGER AND THE WORLD SLUMP—A VITAL DIAGNOSIS—KREUGER AND TOLL AS AN INVESTMENT

THIS is to introduce Mr. Ivar Kreuger, managing director of the famous Swedish Match Company and chairman of the international finance house, Kreuger & Toll Company, the man who does more to promote world trade than all the world's bankers put together. I cannot help feeling that Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, must be very envious of Mr. Kreuger. I am not referring to the rare beauty of the new Swedish Match building in Stockholm, adorned by the work of the greatest living sculptor, Carl Milles—though I suspect that the dismal architectural muddle of the new front of the Bank of England must be a sore point—but to the fact that while Mr. Norman has to talk to incredulous bankers in Washington and New York about the advisability of setting up committees and mortgage institutions to further long-term international lending, Mr. Kreuger just takes counsel with himself and acts. For example, some of Mr. Kreuger's labours last year for Kreuger & Toll were as follows: $12,000,000 to Hungary (a second instalment), $8,000,000 to Jugoslavia (a first instalment), £850,000 to Greece, $50,000,000 to Germany, being the first *tranche* of a loan of $125,000,000, apart from Kr. 110,000,000, being a portion of the German 5½ per cent. "Young" loan, and $30,132,000 to Poland. Mr. Kreuger is almost our native idea of the "silent, strong man." He falls short of M. Siegfried's definition of the English gentleman only because he works too hard, and is intellectually too active. Let us consider the highly instructive and important report which he has just issued covering the 1930 operations of Kreuger & Toll.

* * *

The factors entering into the world trade depression are many and varied—not forgetting even the maldistribution of gold dear to the heart of Sir Henry Strakosch—but two appear to Mr. Kreuger to be of dominating importance. The first is the lack of equilibrium in the international balance of payments of various countries arising out of the manner in which the exchange values of their currencies were stabilised after the War. Great Britain, Italy and Germany, in Mr. Kreuger's opinion, stabilised their currencies at too high an exchange value, thus tending to stimulate imports and restrict exports. The United States of America, on the other hand, profited from these mistakes and, with its intense development of mass production, found its power of competition in the world's markets greatly strengthened. France, by reducing the exchange value of the franc, created for herself a position similar to that of the United States. In this way came disequilibrium in the international balance of payments. Great Britain's normally large surplus has nearly disappeared (the Board of Trade estimated our international surplus for 1930 at £39 millions against £138 millions in 1929). Hence Great Britain "with its highly efficient machinery for international financing" has had to restrict its foreign lending while the new creditor powers—the United States and France—have been "unwilling or unable to fill the place of Great Britain in this respect," and have taken gold instead. Hence the desperate depression which prevails in many of the economically weak debtor countries. In Mr. Kreuger's opinion, "the rapid restoration of Great Britain's financial power would be to the advantage of the world in general." Happily the financial powers in the United States and France are beginning to realise their shortcomings.

* * *

The second cause of the world slump to which Mr. Kreuger assigns great importance is the failure of present monetary policy to cope with a period of rapid increase in savings and production. Only in exceptional circumstances does the consumption *per capita* of any special article nowadays increase as fast as the production *per capita*. Unless an economic policy is carried on which stimulates new enterprises and capital investment, practically all lines of established production will suffer from an increasing output that cannot be disposed of. Instead of savings being employed for the provision of new articles of consumption corresponding to the needs of a population with an increasing standard of living, they will be used to increase the volume of commodities, the demand for which is but slowly expanding. Mr. Kreuger gives convincing illustrations. He has reached much the same conclusion from the results of his practical experience as Mr. Keynes reached from the study of pure economics. Moreover, Mr. Kreuger suggests that the disappearance of the great merchant houses and private bankers, "who had a wide latitude in the choice of their investments," and the substitution for them of industrial corporations, large deposit banks and insurance companies, all of which are more or less restricted in the use of their funds to clearly specified investments, has tended to make the whole economic structure more rigid than it used to be. And here Mr. Keynes, as chairman of an insurance company, has supplied the practical proof. At the recent meeting of the National Mutual Life Assurance he stressed the urgent need for international loans, but explained that his company had, as an act of prudence, reduced its foreign loan holdings and had not held an Australian stock for years. So a great industrialist and a great economist are agreed about one basic cause of the world slump. Very gradually steps are being taken to improve the international machinery for granting loans. In September last year the Compagnie Centrale de Prêts Fonciers was founded in Amsterdam, and last month an International Mortgage Bank at Basle—both with strong international banking support and the blessing of the Bank of England.

* * *

Now for the investment aspects of the Kreuger and Toll report. The company's business has three branches: first, the granting of foreign government loans, mainly in connection with match concessions for the Swedish Match Company; secondly, industrial financing, mainly of a short-term character, and conducted by a Dutch subsidiary; and thirdly, permanent share investments in high-grade industrial, real estate and banking companies, for the most part Swedish. The company's shareholdings comprise Swedish Match (controlling interest), Swedish Pulp (practically 100 per cent. owned), Grangesburg Iron Ore (minority interest), L. M. Ericsson Telephone (controlling interest acquired last year), Hufvudstaden Real Estate (nearly 100 per cent. owned), and Skandinaviska Kreditaktiebolaget (minority interest). It is the company's policy to limit its dividends and interest on participating debentures to an amount which can be covered by the recurring profits—that is, by the interest on foreign Government bonds and the dividends on the permanent shareholdings. The financing or trading profits are obviously unstable—last year's business offered limited scope—but the profits of a recurring nature are expected to show a steady increase. Here is an analysis of the results for the past two years:

	1929	1930
Recurring profits*	Kr.53,000,000	Kr.93,790,532
Trading profits	59,838,283	32,186,858
Total profits	112,838,283	125,977,390
General expenses	4,274,365	3,629,336
Net income	108,563,918	122,348,054
Interest on participating debentures	27,852,534	41,749,998
Cash dividends on shares	16,250,000	20,050,000
Per cent. paid	30%	30%
Per cent. earned†	72%‡	56.9%
Carried forward	153,833,579	214,381,636

* Interest on secured debentures of K. & T. have been deducted from interest received from bonds.

† On shares and participating debentures.

‡ On average amount of capital outstanding in year.

* * *

It is commonly objected to the shares of both Kreuger and Toll and Swedish Match that a political as well as an economic risk attaches to them by reason of their large holdings of foreign Government bonds. The Kreuger and Toll balance-sheet discloses a total of Kr. 419,879,984 in foreign government and other bonds, as against Kr. 318,190,064 a year ago. This amount should be viewed in relation to the permanent and other shareholdings which total Kr. 626,683,081. In fact, the foreign loans represent about 30 per cent. of the total assets, and the shareholdings about 45 per cent. There is another reassuring feature. In most cases the foreign loans are specifically secured on the annual payments made by the Swedish Match to the Government concerned for its match monopoly. In other cases these are secured on specially assigned revenues. The German is the only important loan granted without specific security. The directors of Kreuger and Toll therefore regard their foreign bonds as "safe and sound" investments, offering "a great chance of capital appreciation." Kreuger and Toll B shares at 26½, and Swedish Match B at 12⅝ offer the not unattractive yields of 6.7 per cent. and 6.9 per cent. An investor in Kreuger and Toll would no doubt like to take out first of all an insurance policy on Mr. Kreuger's life. The world as well as the investor would be the poorer without Mr. Kreuger.

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

BUDGET SUPPLEMENT

COMPILED BY E. H. DAVENPORT AND TOM COBLEY

***FOREWORD.**—We have endeavoured in this Budget Supplement to present the facts in a way intelligible to the layman and to take a view of the future which is dispassionate, if critical. The state of our national finances is strained but not desperate. We have estimated the receipts for 1931-32 on the present basis of taxation with neither great optimism nor undue pessimism. We have arrived by strictly realistic reasoning at a figure of £59 millions as the possible deficit which the Chancellor of the Exchequer may have to meet if he maintains the debt service charge at the level of the previous year. We have next explored the avenues of new taxation and have made suggestions for the taxation chiefly of luxury consumption which will, in our opinion, neither burden the poor nor frighten the rich out of the country. We have finally discussed the problem of the national debt and the difficulties in the way of reducing the interest burden by a conversion operation. If the Government decides to forgo the attempt at a conversion operation we have a practical suggestion to make as a pis aller. Our subject-matter is heavy, but we trust that it is not too heavily presented for the serious student of affairs to read with profit.*

MR. SNOWDEN'S PROBLEM

Figures in £ Million.

Revenue.	Budget Estimate. 1930-1.	Actual Receipts. 1930-1.	Possible Receipts on present basis of taxation. 1931-2.
Customs and Excise	253	245	240
Income Tax	260	256	214
Surtax	65	68	65
Death Duties	83	83	88
Stamps	27	21	18
Allied, Dominion, etc., Loan Receipts	33	33	33
German Reparations	20	20	20
Rating Relief Suspense Account	16	16	4
Profit on P.O.	10	10	10
Others	22	24	24
Total Revenue (exc. self-balancing)	789	776	746

Expenditure.	Actual Expenditure. 1930-1.	Estimated Expenditure. 1931-2.
Debt: Interest and Management	293	293
Sinking Fund	67	67
Other Consolidated Fund Charges	9	9
Armaments	111	109
Civil and Revenue Estimates: Total	319	327
Including:		
Education	55	58
Health and Housing	23	23
Ministry of Labour	37	45
Grants to Local Authorities	45	45
War Pensions	55	53
Old Age and Widows' Pensions	46	48
Total Expenditure (exc. self-balancing)	799	805

Deficit to be anticipated if last year's debt charge of £360 millions is met: £59 millions.

The only part of this table which needs explanation is the third column of "possible receipts on the present basis of taxation." This we discuss at length in the next article. The rise in Civil Estimates is due to an estimated rise of £8 million in the cost of Transitional Benefit, offset by some automatic decreases.

A FORECAST OF REVENUE IN 1931-2

WHAT sort of forecast can we make of possible receipts during the coming year on the present-day system of revenue? We may first examine in some detail the assessments in the income-tax field.

INCOME-TAX.

The whole income of the income-tax paying classes, after excluding all incomes below £150 per annum (and such wage-earners as exceed this figure from whom only a very small return is received), after meeting the necessary allowances for depreciation, wear and tear, and so forth, but before taking into account any personal or children's allowances, amounted in 1929 to about £2,200 millions. A considerable part of this refers to income earned in 1928; but there is evidence to show that the difference between the two years 1928 and 1929 was very small. Of this total, £1,060 millions was collected under Schedule D, representing profits and such items as interest on industrial debentures and a part of the income from overseas. Salaries represented £720 millions of the whole, a much larger proportion than many suspect. Rent of land and buildings represented £260 millions. Schedule C contained about £50 millions of income from overseas and about £110 millions of interest on British Government securities, the remainder of income under these two heads being included in the total for Schedule D, already given. There remains about £30 millions of income of farmers assessed under Schedule B.

Now one of the most unexpected, and at the same time reassuring, features of income-tax administration during recent years has been the steady and almost automatic rise in salaries and rents. Between 1925–26 and 1929–30 assessments under these heads have risen by £47 millions and £36 millions respectively. In fact, it is literally true to say that the Inland Revenue have come to expect an almost automatic increase under these heads. Whether this may be expected to go on during the depression is perhaps more difficult to say; but in the case of rents, at any rate, it appears that the upward movement has, if anything, been accelerated. There does not appear to have been any appreciable downward movement in salaries in 1930 as against 1929: in fact, the sustained activity of the distributive trades (which have been mainly responsible for the increase both in the number and remuneration of salary-earners during recent years) goes to show that taxation collected under Schedule E during the coming year (assessed on salaries earned in the year 1930) may quite possibly be greater than that collected a year earlier. At any rate, regarding the problem with perhaps a more cynical eye, the widening margin between wholesale and retail prices over the last year and a half has evidently provided an ample fund from which to pay salaries and profits in commerce and distribution.

A surprising element of stability is given to the figures of assessable income, not only by salaries and rents, but also by the large interest disbursements of the British Government itself, which provide about £280 millions (*i.e.*, internal interest disbursements, not including payments in America) out of a total of £2,200 millions of assessable income. Income from abroad, both foreign and imperial Government securities and interest and profits from overseas industrial and trading concerns, was estimated by the Board of Trade at £270 millions in 1929, falling to £235 millions in 1930.

It will be seen that there remains to be taken into account not much more than £650 millions, representing the profits of industry and commerce. This is, of course, a pure figure of profits, excluding all elements of income from overseas, from Government securities, or from land or buildings, which may represent considerable items on the ordinary company balance sheet. It is this figure of pure profits which may be expected to have been affected most by the industrial depression of 1930.

On the whole, the evidence appears to be that the profits of companies engaged in commerce and distribution have been injured much less than the profits of companies engaged in manufacture and mining; and that British companies operating overseas, in view of the predominant interests of the British investor

in such commodities as rubber, tin, nitrate and so forth, have on the whole been worse hit than companies operating in this country. The only satisfactory periodical estimate of industrial profits is that made by the *Economist*, which aggregates the trading results shown in the balance sheets of a large number of companies. It is difficult, on the basis of these returns, to prepare separate estimates for the profits of different classes of trade. The general figure of profits is 13 per cent. lower for 1930 than for 1929. If from the balance sheets had been excluded such items as interest on Government securities and annual value of land and buildings, as we have done above, the fall might have been greater.

It is possible to arrive at a rough estimate of the profitability of British industry by an entirely different route. During 1930 there was an exceedingly rapid fall in the prices of raw materials, and a very much slower fall in the price of finished goods such as represent the main output of British industry. This in itself (except in so far as the industrialist failed to obtain advantage from the cheaper raw materials owing to the practice of buying forward) appeared to be a factor making for the maintenance or even the increase of profits in 1930 as against 1929, as the disparity between the rates of fall of price of raw materials and finished goods was so great that the apparent gross margin of the manufacturer actually increased. But this factor was, of course, largely offset by the diminished quantity of goods that British industry could dispose of. Labour costs in British industry had been falling fairly rapidly in the years up to 1929, owing to practically stationary wage rates at a time of increasing output per head. Output per head ceased to increase during 1930, and labour costs were probably at about the same level as in 1929. But the general conclusion to be drawn from examination of the figures discussed above is that between 1929 and 1930 the profits of British manufacturing industry are not likely to have fallen by more than 10 per cent. Profits of concerns operating overseas have probably fallen by a much higher percentage; on the other hand, profits of distributive, as opposed to manufacturing, concerns in this country have been very little affected.

The general conclusion with regard to the prospects for income-tax on the assessments during the year 1931–32 is on the whole heartening. When the Chancellor "opens the Budget" on the 27th, the official estimate of next year's yield of income-tax on the present basis will be available, and on this figure the Chancellor is presumably basing his plans. But viewing the prospects without access to the official estimates, it seems unlikely that the assessable income under Schedule D will fall by much over £100 millions, part of which may be neutralised by rises in the assessments under Schedules A and E (rents and salaries). At 4s. 6d. in the pound a reasonable estimate for loss of revenue on the present basis may be put in the neighbourhood of £15 millions, against which may be set a rise of £3 million owing to last year's increase in the standard rate being applied to a "full year."

It may be commented in passing at this stage that on a total assessable income of £2,200 millions a rate of 4s. 6d. in the pound only gives a yield of £260 millions. This is due to the enormous effect on the total yield of the personal and children's allowances made on the lower incomes (whose scope was extended in 1930 when the general rate was raised); as a result of which a salary-earner with a wife and three children pays practically no income-tax until his salary reaches £600 a year. The effective rate of income-tax, viewed over the income-tax paying class as a whole, is found to be about 12 per cent.

SURTAX.

It is much more difficult to forecast, in the light of general information, the coming year's yield from the surtax. The reason is that the surtax can be, and is, assessed at any period within six years of the date at which the income is earned.

This illustration of the gradualness of the process of surtax collection accords with the fact that during 1930-31 surtax was collected to the extent of £68 millions, over £3 millions in excess of the Budget estimate. It appears that during the coming year there still remains a good deal of super-tax to be collected in respect of profits made during the years 1927-29. There can be little doubt that during these years of intense speculative activity a great deal of profit must have been made which remains to be assessed. On the other hand, during the coming year a large part of the lower profits of the year 1930 fall due to be assessed, and on the whole there seems likely to be a falling of revenue under this head, though not so great as might at first have been expected. There remains, of course, the consideration that although a great deal of profit made in past years falls due to be assessed during 1931, yet those who made the profits in the past have fallen into such distress that, as they say, they have to borrow to pay surtax. This idea is probably much exaggerated, and the good figure of income-tax collections during 1930 provides considerable, if austere, reassurance on this matter.

DEATH DUTIES.

Death duties during the past year yielded within half a million of the Budget estimate. Under this head there may possibly have been some delay in payment owing to the industrial depression of 1930, although the interesting figures given in the Colwyn Report of the amount of liquid wealth held by representative estates have shown how rarely in fact a large estate has any difficulty in raising cash to pay death duties. Now under this head it is paradoxically quite probable that during the coming year, in spite of depressed values on the stock markets, assessments to death duties are likely to rise. Apart from certain interesting but unreliable calculations about the probable length of life of the makers of some of the grosser fortunes of the years 1916-19 (who, indeed, have been dying very conveniently during recent years), we must note the following fact: estates assessed during the year 1929-30 showed a net capital value of £540 millions. (That this amount should be assessed in a single year gives some idea of the extent of private fortunes in this country.) Of this total, shares in joint stock companies amounted to £193 millions, working capital of all kinds (plant and machinery, agricultural and trading stock, book debts, goodwill, etc.) amounted to only £13 millions. British Government and municipal securities accounted for £92 millions, Dominion and foreign Government and municipal securities £33 millions. Cash stood as high as £43 millions. Realties, predominantly land and buildings, accounted for £89 millions. The whole of the remainder of the estates, with the exception of £14 millions of household goods, represented assets fixed in value in terms of money, such as insurance policies, money lent on mortgage or other security, or income due.

In 1930, as compared with 1929, there was a very heavy fall in the ordinary shares of joint stock companies, amounting perhaps to 40 per cent., but debentures on the whole appreciated. During the same period gilt-edged securities have risen by practically 10 per cent. Holders of the smaller total of securities of Dominion and foreign Governments have met with some losses and some gains. Land values in towns and even in many agricultural districts continued to rise during 1930 owing to the diversion of considerable funds from speculation in the stock and commodity markets to speculation in land.

The high ratio of gilt-edged securities to the total in estates assessed to death duty is not representative of the proportion obtaining in the capital market as a whole. There is a very good reason why the estates assessed to death duty should not give a representative figure—namely, that these estates predominantly belong to the old. As the wealthy get older, statistical inquiry proves what ordinary observation might have led one to suspect—that they hold an increasing proportion of their whole wealth in gilt-edged securities and other assets fixed in terms of money. So the main brunt of the recent deflation of values has fallen upon the younger and more active, who hold securities and commodities not fixed in value in terms of money. Economically speaking, deflation is an old man's game.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.

There may be a further fall in the yield of customs and excise during the coming year. But it must be pointed out that the decline in consumption which has been experienced during this year is due to a relative decline in consumption of taxable commodities rather than to a general decline in consumption due to impoverishment. It may surprise many to hear that during the last few months the amount of money passing over the counters of retail stores (except in the case of food, where there has been a heavy and definite fall in price) has been practically as great as it was a year before. This is one of the most surprising facts about the present depression, but the fact remains.

For many years now the consumption of beer has shown a continuous and heavy decline. In the case of spirits, it is widely held that the limit of elasticity has been passed, *i.e.*, that an increase in the load of taxation would cause an actual diminution in the yield to the Exchequer. The consumption of tobacco, petrol and silk, the other main contributors to the revenue, has on the other hand continued to rise, even during 1930, though during this last year the only considerable rise was shown by tobacco. In this respect 1931 will probably be rather like 1930.

SUMMARY OF BUDGET DEFICIT FORECAST

Assuming that the Chancellor appropriates the balance remaining in the Rating Relief Suspense Account (£4 millions) we must expect revenue to fall by a total of £30 millions. It appears that £10 millions of receipts from the Young Loan have not yet been paid into the Treasury: and it is difficult to predict whether the Chancellor will be willing to treat this as ordinary revenue during the coming year.

It was pointed out at the time that the Local Government Act of 1928-29, though on the whole desirable, did lay a heavy burden on the Exchequer which was by no means fully met by the petrol tax, and that when the Suspense Account was exhausted our troubles would really begin. The Local Government Act cannot and should not be gone back upon, but it adds to our misfortunes that this remarkable piece of Budgetary improvidence has now come home to roost on top of all our other troubles in this depressed year 1931. On the other hand, we cannot think that the Chancellor would be wise to attempt to add to this burden by living up to his good intentions of last April, when he declared that any future deficit should be carried into the subsequent year's Budget.

The cost of armaments will amount to nearly £110 millions; the civil estimates, certain minor Consolidated Fund charges, including the cost of revenue collection, will amount to £335 millions. Presumably no legislative change will be made, at any rate in the near future, to alter the system whereby the deficit of the Unemployment Insurance Fund is met by borrowing. In total, the Chancellor will have to budget for an expenditure of about £790 millions as against a revenue of £725 millions. On the revenue side we have permitted ourselves to regret the accounting error whereby certain non-recurring items were included in the Budget. On the expenditure side we must regret a more serious issue—that there has not been a substantial reduction in the expenditure on armaments. Apart from this the situation is unavoidable, but that is not to say that it is unmanageable.

Certainly, a prospective deficit in the neighbourhood of £60 millions is a large sum, and represents a situation which has not been faced by a Chancellor in this country since the war years. However, the Chancellor has the whole field of existing revenue over which to range in search of more money, together with a number of possibilities of completely new sources, some of which we propose to explore.

PROPOSALS FOR NEW TAXES.

It is widely held that some increase in indirect taxation is to be anticipated in order to meet some part of this anticipated deficit. Of the total yield of customs and excise, taxation of beer has of late years yielded about £80 millions per annum, of tobacco a rising yield in the neighbourhood of £60 millions per annum, of spirits £40 millions per annum, of petrol about £25 millions per annum, of silk £10-£15 millions per annum. The extent to which an increase of duty on any of these commodities would lead to a proportionate increase in receipts depends, in the economic phrase, on their elasticities of demand. As we have mentioned already, it is widely held that an increase of the duty on spirits might lead to an actual reduction in Exchequer receipts. It is, on the whole, probable that a further duty on silk would lead to a considerable fall in consumption, and would give very disappointing results from the revenue point of view. In the case of petrol, although the tax now represents roughly 4d. on an untaxed selling value of 8d. per gallon, it is probable that an increase in taxation would have little effect upon consumption. The general objection, of course, which could be made against an increase of the petrol tax would be that, unlike the other customs and excise duties, it is not a tax falling purely upon consumption, but is also to some extent a tax upon the activities of productive and distributive industry. Customs duties on wines are considered to be, on the whole, screwed up to the maximum; that is to say, an increase in the rates of duty is estimated to give little, if any, increase in revenue.

The successful defences, so to speak, put up by the other commodities seem to leave the whole expected burden to be borne by the unhappy pair—beer and tobacco. These two commodities do at present provide between them about two-thirds of the whole customs and excise revenue. On beer of ordinary gravity the present tax of £80 millions amounts to about 4d. a pint, having been reduced to that figure from 5d. a pint in 1923. A

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further duty of 1d. a pint would bring in probably a little under £20 millions. It may be noted that in spite of this period of high taxation and declining consumption the brewers' profits have averaged over £20 millions a year during recent years, representing a charge of about 1d. a pint. Ordinary beer at present sells in public-houses at 6d. to 9d. a pint, averaging probably about 7d. It appears that when we drink 7d. worth of beer we pay 2d. for materials and labour involved in production, and the whole costs of transport, distribution and sale, while we pay 1d. for brewers' profits and 4d. taxation.

The tax on tobacco at present is about 8s. 6d. a pound, with a substantial rebate for tobacco produced within the British Empire. In the case of tobacco, as in beer, the tax and the profits of the tobacco companies between them account for the bulk of the selling value of tobacco and cigarettes. The gross profits of the Imperial Tobacco Company have in recent years been in the neighbourhood of £25 millions annually.

Can any system of taxation be devised which will enable the Exchequer to seize upon part of the gigantic and, on the whole, unreasonable profits earned in these two industries? It is frankly difficult to see how this can be done, short of some form of nationalisation and the establishment of a State drink and tobacco monopoly, which will have to be done some day, but at present the position is that, broadly speaking, any substantial increase of taxation on beer and tobacco will probably be passed straight on to the consumer. A small increase, which could not be passed on to the consumer without charging inconvenient fractions of a penny and so forth, is the only way, on the whole, by which the Exchequer could hope to appropriate part of the profits made in these two industries. Additions to the duties which have been suggested in some quarters, 1d. a pint increase in the beer duty and a 25 per cent. rise in the tobacco duty, would between them yield some £40 millions.

It is held by many that the Chancellor is debarred from suggesting any increase throughout the field of direct taxation. It is said that income and surtax have already been pressed beyond the limit at which, at any rate in a year like the present, they act as a positive discouragement to enterprise. Any increase in the rates, we are told, would lead to a further contraction of enterprise, a considerable reduction in saving, and a dangerous flight from the pound to invest in overseas securities.

How much truth there is in this argument it is exceedingly difficult to say. So many of the contentions submitted by various people are so obviously *ex parte*. From the point of view of scientific analysis, many do not feel disposed to add much to the conclusions reached by the Colwyn Commission, though in the discussions between economists which have since gone on, the view appears to have gained ground that domestic enterprise is to some moderate extent discouraged by high rates of taxation. Prospects about the international movement of money are exceedingly uncertain; but it can be said that there is as yet no positive evidence of any extensive movement away from British securities as a result of high taxation or for any other reason. In fact such figures as are available regarding movements in international finance show that during 1930 there was a net inward movement of short money into this country. There was a remarkable net outward movement in 1929, due not, of course, to any political factors, but simply to the remarkable attractions at that time of speculation in America. This outward movement of money appears to have been definitely checked during 1930, and there are at present no signs of its recrudescence. In fact, during the past eighteen months, American securities have shown a much heavier proportionate fall than British.

The above considerations obviously apply to death duties a good deal less than to income and surtax, so that a further increase in death duties may perhaps be possible.

The argument with which we are now all fairly familiar, that social services are no doubt desirable in themselves, but that this is counterbalanced by the disadvantage to industry of the raising of any further sums through direct taxation, is put forward by many who do not realise the damaging implications which such an argument carries. The contention is that direct taxation leads to discouragement of enterprise and entrenches heavily upon the funds available for the provision of savings. But the conclusion naturally follows that if this is true, and at the same time the social services are desirable in themselves, then, if it is inexpedient to tax the rich when they make their money, we must tax them when they spend it, and thus use the machinery of revenue to provide a positive inducement for saving—in fact, the setting up of a system of luxury taxes.

Luxury taxes have as yet scarcely been tried in this country. The only serious luxury tax is a tax which has not been generally suspected to be of that nature—namely the horse-power tax on motor cars. Probably about 75% of the wear and tear on the roads is due to goods traffic, which pays altogether (and rightly, as many people think) only a small proportion of the whole sum paid into the Road Fund. And it is very unlikely that a 40 h.p. car, in fact, does four times as much damage to the roads as a 10 h.p. car. In general effect, the h.p. tax is a luxury tax, a substantial proportion of which was automatically diverted, before the days of the petrol tax, to providing a concealed subsidy to road transport. Since the institution of the petrol tax this situation has been to some extent altered. The total spent annually on roads by the State and local authorities is now about the same as the total received by the State in h.p. tax and petrol tax from private and commercial motors. It still remains true that private cars pay a much larger proportion of the whole than is accounted for by the damage which they inflict upon the roads, and so the luxury tax element in the h.p. tax remains. The petrol tax might be described as a mild luxury tax which at the same time imposes considerable burdens upon many industries other than those actually supplying luxury goods (which industries would, of course, inevitably be affected by luxury taxation).

A well devised system of luxury taxes we have in mind should definitely have the effect of reducing the expenditure of the rich on luxuries and thereby lead to an increase of savings, without any serious effect upon production or enterprise. Injury would be inflicted upon industries providing luxury goods and services; but apart from the fact that many of these industries are at present exceedingly prosperous and well able to bear taxation, this effect would be more than counterbalanced by the encouragement given to industries producing capital equipment; a transformation which, we believe, for the present, at any rate, would be to the national advantage. The main difficulty about luxury taxes, as has been shown by some past experience, lies in the difficulty of fixing a sufficiently comprehensive schedule. When taxes are tried on a few individual luxuries, it is inevitably found that the demand for these particular luxuries is highly elastic, as is natural when so many other fields of luxury expenditure remain open to the rich, and so we find a heavy fall in consumption and a very small return to the Exchequer. The Coalition Chancellor of 1919 imposed a special tax upon champagne and cigars, which at that date were regarded almost as mystical symbols of the luxury expenditure of the new profiteering classes. The results were intensely disappointing to the Exchequer, because many other attractive ways were found of spending the high profits of that time, and the duties were soon abolished. The so-called luxury tax in France has been yielding an increasing revenue of recent years, but the total receipts are very small in relation to the whole Budget of requirements, and it is difficult to draw any conclusions from its working.

For satisfactory working it would be necessary either to work out scientifically a large schedule which attempted to cover the whole field of luxury expenditure, and impose a fairly uniform rate of taxation upon this, or alternatively to select luxuries which, unlike champagne and cigars, represented a customary and substantially important part of the whole field of consumption by the rich. We believe that a tax yielding considerable revenue, of the second category, might be imposed upon hotels and restaurants. Most people would agree that a large a part of the spending of a big income is bound up with the use of hotels and restaurants; in fact, it might be said that it would be very difficult to spend much money without their assistance. New taxation imposed under this head would not be to any large extent evaded by the transference of the expenditure of the rich to totally different fields. Even though much of the luxury expenditure which is seen in London is excused on the grounds that much foreign money is spent in the West End, yet the experience of Italy and the municipality of Vienna in taxing hotels and restaurants used by natives and foreigners alike has been very encouraging.

Both administratively and politically such a tax might well be regarded as an extension of the entertainment duty. A percentage levied on the whole turnover—*i.e.*, a percentage addition to the bill, would probably be the best way of administering the tax. Doubtless commercial hotels, the cheaper restaurants catering for those workers for whom a daily meal away from home is a necessity, public houses and cheaper cafés, would be exempted; and a scale of an increasing stiffness applied to hotels and restaurants of other categories. Such a plan would involve a certain

amount of inspection for scheduling establishments to the proper categories for taxation, and some machinery of appeal. But it may be pointed out that the State would be in a strong position to penalise heavily any evasion, because most expensive hotels and restaurants enjoy a liquor licence which would be cancelled remorselessly if any evasion were detected.

Administratively there would be small difficulty in the collection of some form of additional assessment upon all persons occupying more than one residence. A special tax upon residences above a certain annual value might be construed as a further attack upon the already unjustly burdened country gentry, but in this connection some form of special tax upon houses employing large numbers of domestic servants might be very feasible and desirable.

Probably there is not a person who will believe that the number of women in domestic service during the last ten years has increased by about 300,000. This is proved by the figures of the number of women paying Health Insurance, which have increased at a steadily greater rate than the numbers paying Unemployment Insurance. The only classes of women workers who pay the one, but not the other, are domestic servants and women employed in agriculture, and nobody will suggest that the latter have shown any considerable increase. Domestic service thus defined does not include employment in hotels, boarding houses and restaurants. In effect, the wealthy are returning to their pre-war standards in the matter of employment of domestic servants; but seeing how immensely pre-war standards of consumption by the rich have now been exceeded in most directions, this is hardly surprising. And if it is true that there is a shortage of labour in domestic service, that in itself goes some way to mitigate the arguments which can inevitably be raised against any proposal for taxing employment. Judging from the lamentations of the middle classes it is probable that domestic workers as a whole are in a fairly strong bargaining position, and it is unlikely that the burden of a tax would be passed on to them. What would suffer would be the rate of migration of women who are at present leaving industrial areas and occupations and taking up domestic work. Whether this very rapid flow of labour into domestic service is, on the whole, to the national advantage is a question of general public policy which cannot be decided upon economic grounds alone.

The only remaining "stunt" tax from which any considerable revenue might be expected is a tax on advertisement. This action has been tried with some success in other countries. The economic arguments for it are strong; in fact, from the economic point of view there is no defence for much modern advertising. Most people would welcome a very heavy tax on hoarding advertisement, and a tax on newspaper advertisement, which would have larger implication, might also be considered.

The amount of revenue which might be expected from these proposed new taxes is exceedingly difficult to estimate. The income of the surtax-paying class has of recent years been nearly £600 millions a year, and it is difficult to set as high as £200 millions the amount of their annual savings. Moreover, the proportion of the whole income of the rich which is consumed appears to have been steadily rising since before the War. At any rate, with some such figure as this in mind, we must attempt to estimate how large a part of the field of luxury expenditure we can cover, and the general rate of taxation which we can impose. It has further been estimated that well over £100 millions a year is spent in advertisement, a very considerable proportion of which could ultimately be taxed. The total number of domestic servants is in the neighbourhood of two million; but it is very difficult to say how much annual tax could be imposed in this sphere.

THE DEBT, THE SINKING FUND, AND THE REAL DEBT REDUCTIONS

A finely descriptive phrase—the deadweight debt. The heavy unrelieved weight of an inert body—debt which is represented by no tangible assets. One may liken world-trade to a strongly flowing river and imagine a struggling form, typifying the industrial life of Great Britain, vainly trying to swim with shackled feet. The shackles consist of the National Debt—forged of unbreakable metal of our own choosing. France, Germany and other European countries freed themselves of the burden of their post-War debts by devaluing their currencies. We, being the world's greatest creditor power, refused to break faith with our bondholders. We restored our currency to its pre-War gold value, and accepted liability on a gold basis for a debt which had been largely contracted on a paper basis. The total deadweight debt is now nearly eleven and a half times its pre-War size. The service of the debt, which is fifteen times as large as it was before the War, accounted last year for 45 per cent. of the total ordinary expenditure of the State (excluding self-balancing expenditure) as against 12¼ per cent. in 1913-14. The interest and sinking fund charge absorbed the entire proceeds of last year's income-tax, surtax and nearly half the estate duties. The burden of the National Debt is the spectre which haunts every Chancellor of the Exchequer, the curse which is laid upon every Budget. And the real burden—translating money values into commodities—has been getting heavier and heavier in the last six years. As the result of the fall in commodity prices, the real burden upon the taxpayer, who has to pay for its service, is about 10 to 15 per cent. greater than it was in 1924.

To obtain an understanding of the debt problem, a number of unpleasant, but very important, tables must be studied. The first, which follows, will show the net total deadweight debt since the War, together with the amounts allocated to interest and sinking fund, and finally the net sinking fund, that is, the amount by which debt was actually reduced in each year:

TOTAL NATIONAL DEBT AND DEBT SERVICE.
In £ Million.
(*Figures in part of "The Economist."*)

Financial Year.	Net * nominal deadweight, debt outstanding at end of year.	Interest and Management, etc.	Gross Sinking Fund.	Total Debt Service.	Net Sinking Fund applied to Debt Redemption
1913-14 ..	649.8†	19.3	5.2	24.5	5.2
1923-24 ..	7641.0	307.3	40.0	347.3	40.0
1924-25 ..	7597.9	312.1	45.0	357.2	45.0
1925-26 ..	7558.6	308.2	50.0	358.2	35.9
1926-27 ..	7554.6	318.6	60.0	378.6	23.3
1927-28 ..	7521.8	313.8	65.0	378.8	65.0
1928-29 ..	7500.3	311.5	57.5	369.0	57.5
1929-30 ..	7470.0	307.3	47.7	355.0	25.4
1930-31 ..	7473.0	293.2	66.8	360.0	1.1

* After deducting nominal total of Funding Loan and Victory Bonds surrendered in payment of death duties and held by the National Debt Commissioners.

† Debt at beginning of year.

Certain columns of this table require explanation. The item of interest and management includes interest on the funded or unfunded debt which is fixed—this represents the bulk of the item—and interest on Treasury Bills and Savings Certificates—which is varying. Management is stabilised at about £1,000,000. Last year Mr. Snowden profited as regards the floating debt from cheap money, but how the item of interest and management could have taken £11.4 millions less than was estimated it is hard to explain, seeing that the estimate included only £17½ millions for the floating debt. Is it possible that Mr. Snowden has not made good his promise to make proper provision for the interest accruing on outstanding Savings Certificates? Prior to 1928-29 no Budget had made provision for the increase in this accrued interest. Mr. Churchill then professed to do so, but spoilt his good intentions by raiding capital funds for revenue purposes. Mr. Snowden, on the other hand, definitely provided in his Budget last year £23 millions as a proper actuarial estimate for interest paid out on encashed and accruing on outstanding Savings Certificates. If, as it appears, the saving in interest on the floating debt last year could only have been in the neighbourhood of £5-6 millions, and yet the actual Budget charge was £11.4 millions less than the estimate, it follows that Mr. Snowden must have failed by some £6 millions to provide for interest accruing on £370 millions of Savings Certificates outstanding.

To pass to the third column—the sinking fund. It will be remembered that in 1928 Mr. Churchill set up a fixed charge of £355 millions a year for both interest and sinking fund, intending that the sinking fund should automatically increase as interest charges declined. As a special provision for 1928-29 only he added an additional sum of £15 millions. For 1930-31, Mr. Snowden fixed the total debt charge at £360 millions, namely, Mr. Churchill's fixed charge of £355 millions plus £5 millions towards meeting the deficit of £14.5 millions realised in 1929-30. Mr. Snowden at the same time committed himself to a self-denying ordinance—that any future deficit should be carried into the succeeding year's Budget and provided for. The amounts which the sinking fund in theory received under this scheme of a fixed debt charge since 1928-29 are shown in the